

INTRODUCTION:

ZERO = INFINITY

(Pssst... For legal purposes, this book is <u>really</u> written by John-Forrest Bamberger. He is a strange and seclusive guy and prefers to hide behind the claimed identity of Aton Omega. He doesn't want you to rip this off, so please note that this book is:)

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THE BOOK OF NO-THING

by No-Body

This is the Book of No-Thing and how No-Thing became transformed into Every-Thing. It is beyond words, yet it is utterly concrete. To describe the wordless in words - so antinomic an undertaking! Yet paradox is often the best way to describe it.

This Book is by No-body. No-body writes these words. They simply happen of their own accord. There is no purpose to it and yet it is guided by a Supreme Purpose of its own.

This is the Book of Evolution. Evolution is how No-Thing becomes transformed into Every-thing. Evolution is how No-Consciousness becomes transformed into All-Consciousness. There is no reason for it and yet it had to happen.

No-Thing = Every-Thing. No-One = All That Is.

Imagine a single grain of sand on the shores of an ocean stretching infinitely towards the horizon. Pick up this single grain of sand and hold it to the light of the sun. Imagine the colorful patterns that dance through this single crystal, blinding you with their light.

This single grain of sand shares its origin with all the stars, all the galaxies that shine forth in their splendor in the deepest night, all the infinite numbers of molecules, atoms, electrons, quarks in the entire universe.

When you have cleared your mind of all identifications, all thoughts, all emotions, and all sensations, there remains a profound emptiness. There is nobody there. You notice that this emptiness is not really "empty" at all. Instead, there remains pure consciousness, which is a profound fullness.

This pure consciousness is existent and latent in everyone and everything that surrounds you. The ultimate consciousness in you is the same ultimate consciousness in me and it is the same ultimate consciousness in everyone. It is in the tree extending its roots into the bowels of the earth. It is in the flower opening its petals in the warm air of spring. It is in the dog eagerly seeking a mate. It is in the mountain responding to the folding of the earth's crust. It is in the clouds ever-forming into lifelike patterns carried by the endless winds high above. It is pure existence, glad and free. It is in the sheer darkness of the hidden spaces.

It is the meaning of our existence. It is all around and within all that exists. All we had to do was simply notice it. All we had to do is realize that is what we were all along.

Basic tendencies of evolution:

- 1. Increasing differentiation.
- 2. Increasing complexity.
- 3. Increasing individuation.
- 4. Increasing mobility.
- 5. Increasing intelligence.
- 6. Increasing creativity.
- 7. Increasing consciousness.

There is no "final product" from all this.

It has gone on and goes on forever and ever.

In the beginning without beginning, there is No-Thing.

No-Thing is with Void.

Void sent No-Thing out into the Universe to become Every-thing.

The Cosmic Mind mentated, "I AM" - and the Universe manifested, an extension of Its Be-ing.

The universe makes itself up as it goes along. No one laid down the laws (physical, biological, social); the laws were made up in the process. The "laws" become rigidified after awhile and all beings obey them - until some being comes along to break them and create new laws. Then the process recycles all over again.

More evolved beings are capable of breaking and transcending the laws rigidified by less evolved beings. Some examples: Biological beings are anti-entropic and thus are able to transcend the second law of thermodynamics that all systems must run down that inorganic matter follows. By such acts as walking, swimming, or flying, they are able to transcend the law of gravity. More evolved biological beings can create their own environments to survive in. Super sentient beings are able to make use of more subtle energies and thus transcend laws humans are stuck in. Everything has a Pattern. The Pattern makes itself up as it goes along. Things follow the Pattern until It goes through a transformation, and then there is a New Pattern. This is true of forms and archetypes, ways of behaving, and physical laws. The Pattern is ever-changing, ever-evolving.

So where did the Original Pattern come from? This is the Supreme Mystery. The Original Pattern is the Seed Crystal that set the whole universe into being.

This Book makes itself up as it goes along. There is no outline or chronology to this Book because it is beyond time (a subject we will come back to occasionally). It is a series of fragments of present, past, and future. Some of the fragments are philosophical, some are mythological, and others are literary. A parallel story of the struggle between Order and Chaos will be interspersed throughout it.

This Story of Evolution presents to a degree what is known about the scientific ideas and evidence. However, this Book will not be particularly concerned so much with the outward form of evolution, but more about what was going on <u>inside</u> the process while it was happening.

Some of this will be described in anthropomorphic terms, please be aware that is only to make it more comprehensible to ourselves as evolved primates and our present level of consciousness. This is not at all the way it actually is in the minds of the creatures and forms evolving - who often have quite an alien perspective to our own. It is difficult to convey what is going on in the mind of a rock without actually being a rock. For that matter, it is not always easy to comprehend what it is like to be another person unless you <u>are</u> that person.

It is important to be aware that such beings as rocks, crystals, atoms, quarks, stars, galaxies, plants, insects, and the such are not just dumb "things" with no consciousness blindly following physical or biological laws. They are just as valid beings having their own problems and struggles as we humans are. Most of all, Every-thing is alive.

It is important to note that the definition of the word "being" in this book is any kind of conglomeration that stands out on its own and has its own will to be on its own level. Thus a rock or a star or a human or a tree or an atom is a "being". Though there are more evolved and less evolved beings, all beings are of intrinsically equal value and are reflections of the more all-permeating BEING of this infinite universe.

This book is written by a number of personas: a philosopher, a storyteller, a poet, a scientist, a mystic, and a joker. The different personas take over at different intervals. Admittedly, this may make for a rather disjointed narrative, but so is the Story of Evolution. Who can say which persona will take over at what interval? It is all part of the Variety Show of Life.

The monk humbly bows before the Master of Consciousness. The Master of Consciousness just sits there smirking, wondering why he is being bowed to when all beings are of the ALL.

"Tell me, O Great One, how may I achieve enlightenment and thus be released from mortal limitations?"

The Master of Consciousness guffaws out loud. He replies:

"There are no mortal limitations and there is no enlightenment. Perhaps you will find what you are looking for, if you will ponder day and night upon the following questions:

"What is the Mind of the Universe? What are its manifestations? What is it all for?" "Is that all there is to it, O Great One?"

"Maybe. But perhaps you should be aware of this, too: Not until you are nobody, will you know the Mind of the Universe. Then you will know all there is."

There is a Mind pervading the universe. We will call this the Cosmic Mind. It is simultaneously within and beyond the universe. It is not the intellectual kind of mind that we are familiar with on our own level of consciousness. To put it in anthropomorphic terms is merely a convenient way of translating it into our own kind of reality. This Mind reflects whatever is going on in the universe at the time and creates whatever the beings of the universe at that time consider to be real. That is, until some being comes along and makes up another reality. Then it starts all over again, going to a higher level of consciousness and mobility.

We might say that the Cosmic Mind has a kind of "plan" for the whole process, yet it has deliberately set random factors into the process to blow the "plan" away. These random factors are forces and beings with minds of their own. The Cosmic Mind would like to see what the universe will do. It hopes that it will turn out to be a Magnificent Work. It would be greatly disappointed to see it just turn into stagnation. Whenever things start to stagnate, the Cosmic Mind sends special agents, which we could call "catalysts" into the process to kick the process into life again. It likes to keep things interesting.

Yet there is no plan at all. It is a plan without a plan. This sounds contradictory to the logical circuitry we are now equipped with, but such paradoxes point the way to higher mind processes.

Let us put it another way. The Mind of the Universe is somewhat like an artist at his canvas. The artist has some vague idea in mind for this creation at the outset, but is not quite sure where it will lead or what the finished form will be. Perhaps the artist discovers that the initial sketches do not match the original idea at all, then tears up the whole thing and starts again. Maybe in the midst of it, the artist finds some of the colors don't come out right and has to paint over some areas after mixing the right colors. Maybe the artist gets an inspiration in the process to try adding something to the original idea to make it even better. Finally, the artist may paint the final stroke, verify that it matches the original idea, but it has evolved in directions the artist never had intended in the first place. This idea gives him some future ideas, and it is a shame to undo what has been done so far, so he goes ahead and puts it in the gallery. (Of course, the Cosmic Mind also creates a gallery and admirers to gaze at it in awe and wonder.) The artist comes up with an even better idea based on the preceding one and proceeds to work on that one. Each attempt gets better and better, but never "finished".

In a similar manner, universes come and go.

The above analogy is somewhat correct, but not quite. It is not like an artist standing outside the creation. The artist <u>is</u> the creation. The creation is creating itself, making itself up as it goes along.

Feel free to plunge in and go for the ride. It is where we have all been coming from. It is where we are all going. The whole Story of Evolution is within us and goes far beyond what we in our current state can possibly imagine.

THE BEGINNING HAS NO BEGINNING

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CREATION

This is a Story that has never begun. This is a Story that will never end.

This entire universe is but a dream of the Original Mind. The Original Mind became lost in its own dream, forgetting who It was in the process. It became identified with innumerable sub-selves in Its search to wake up from Its own dream. The more It clung to these sub-selves, the more complete It's forgetting became. Finally It forgot that It forgot, taking the dreams of these sub-selves for reality.

It deliberately chose to do this, knowing very well what would happen. It wanted to make things interesting. After all, the higher the stakes appear to be, the more thrilling it is.

Each sub-self would be threatened with ultimate dissolution, which made things very frightening. Each sub-self would be programmed to resist this dissolution with all the energy it had available. Knowing it could not ultimately avoid this horrendous inevitable, it was also programmed to leave behind some copy of itself in one form or another. This was particularly manifested in the phenomena called "life".

Life became increasingly complex and self-aware through a process called "evolution". Eventually it evolved a kind of self-aware intelligence through which it developed some vary elaborate and specialized sub-selves which maintained a collective arrangement called "society". These societies themselves went through stages of evolution. The more intelligent and self-aware among these sub-selves felt that something was missing even in the midst of comfortable settings. They asked questions such as: "Why?", "What are we doing here?", or "How did this all come into existence?"

How would the Original Mind find Its way out of this Maze of Illusions? What is the Answer to this Riddle? It could not simply give Itself the Answer because It deliberately chose to forget. So It was going to have to find It's way out by going through a lot of struggles and difficulties that appear to be very real at the time. The irony of it is the more It struggles, the more lost It becomes. If It just took it easy, It would see that there is nothing to struggle for.

Whatever you choose to believe is real for you at the time. These words did not come into existence for you until your eyes wandered over them. Reality is what you choose it to be. Yet there seem to be certain parameters that don't seem to change. The Cosmic Mind had it planned that way.

Mind can be reduced to matter. Matter can be sublimated into mind. Matter can be converted into energy. Mind can be traced to energetic impulses (in the brain or a computer). Consciousness arises from mind. Thus matter-energy can be converted into mind-consciousness. What we take to be "dead" matter is actually conscious in a very primordial way.

There is an equivalence between sheer space and the matter-energy-mind-consciousness continuum. Thus there is a consciousness existing in the void.

There is a consciousness underlying the entire universe. Each individual consciousness is a part of this universal consciousness.

If you can experience this and not merely intellectualize it, you are really onto something.

The Void is the Root of All That Is.

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Listen very carefully to the Silence. Dive deeply inside. Let the surface thoughts chatter on as usual; it is their nature to do that. Just ignore them and refuse to get caught up in them or identify with them. Deep within, there is the Silence.

The Silence will teach you all the Secrets of the Universe.

Once upon a time, there is naught but Void and Infinite Nowness. There is only a Darkness and Silence that would annihilate any and all with its Terrifying Totality. (Note: It is only "terrifying" for finite beings, since it is the opposite of finiteness.) Since there is no time whatsoever (for how can you have segments of time without cycles of planets, orbits of moons, or turnings of planets), there is no way to measure how long this has been going on. No matter how far back and back you go, there is always something prior to that, thus there is no beginning. Conversely, no matter how far forward and forward you go, there is always something after that, thus there is no end.

The Cosmic Mind is utterly Spaced-Within and Absorbed in this Void and Infinite Nowness. It is perfectly content to exist this way.

Suddenly at a certain instant in the vastness of timelessness, for no particular reason at all, the Cosmic Mind is good and ready to come up with a universe. A long, long period of Infinite Nowness and Voidness has passed since the last universe, which was somewhat of a disaster due to some inconsistent parameters which had been set into it. All records of this universe no longer exist, having merged back into the Void. So the Cosmic Mind is taking a good and long well-deserved rest in the Void. It is Its nature to go through passive stages and active stages like the swings of a pendulum of a vast Cycle, but now Its period of passivity is over.

It now feels sufficiently rested and it seems time to allow another universe to happen. The Cosmic Mind thus, to an infinitely subtle degree, differentiates Itself from the Void and Nowness. Certain basic parameters will unfold with this Story.

The Cosmic Mind will simultaneously direct the process and <u>be</u> the process at the same time. It will never lose its absorption in Infinite Nowness and Voidness (as if that can be done!), but it will identify with its own universe so that it has the illusion of losing such absorption. This will be very interesting. It knows exactly what the outcome will be, yet it will make-believe it doesn't know what will happen until the make-believe becomes utterly and terrifyingly real. Then once trapped, believing it is one finite creature or the other, it will rise to the challenge of seeing if it can arrive back at Its Original State of Blissful Voidness and Nowness.

FROM NO-THING EVOLVED THE POSITIVE... FROM THE POSITIVE EVOLVED THE NEGATIVE... FROM THE DUALITY EVOLVED THE CATALYTIC... FROM THE THREE EVOLVED ALL THINGS.

In the beginningless beginning, there is No-Thing. No-Thing is utterly without qualities or dimensions. No-Thing is perfectly content to remain just as It is.

Then mysteriously in the midst of No-Thing there arises the faintest fragment of dissatisfaction. This is the Origin of Desire. This fragment of dissatisfaction perceives No-Thing all around it and is utterly horrified. Since it is only a fragment, it could get reabsorbed back into No-Thing, so it immediately perceives itself as having mortality. This fragment is something.

This fragment identifies itself as an extremely primordial kind of "me", the initial "T" which gives rise to countless other "I"s. (Take note that there are no words to mentate this.)

The reason this something is able to arise from No-Thing in the first place is because it is actually No-Thing, but somehow it fools itself into perceiving itself as something.

Since the something is terrified about losing its limited mortality and becoming re-absorbed back into No-Thing (which is actually what it is all along), it seeks to preserve itself anyway it can.

Since dissatisfaction is how it arises in the first place, dissatisfaction is the state it is always in. It is cursed to always want more than it has, no matter how much it has accumulated. This is the Origin of the Universe.

In its frantic search to preserve its limited mortality, it comes up with a solution. It will make copies of itself. It makes a terrific effort and it splits into two fragments. It now has a companion. The companion will help it preserve its mortality. The companion feels a similar dependence on it, so they are now mutually using one another to keep from being re-absorbed back into No-Thing. Because of this, they are attracted to one another. They circle around one another, keeping one another company.

Simultaneous with this pair of somethings are the most primordial seeds of thoughts. They are not thoughts as we know thoughts, with one word following another like these words you read here, each word standing for a certain image, action, or feeling, with proper grammatical sequences. They are more like "proto-archetypes".

These seeds of thought are "me" and "you" - and together "we" against "it" the terrifying No-Thing all around which will destroy "us".

These somethings are just barely conscious - a kind of sub-sub-consciousness. They are so barely conscious that to us it would be akin to sleep. The initial glimmer of consciousness arises.

These proto-archetypes are immediately transformed into energy. The energy becomes instantly transformed into what we would now perceive as matter. From our perspective, this microcosmic process takes place practically instantaneously, but from their perspective, it seems to go on for years, decades, eons. It is like a dream that takes forever and ever, yet happens in an instant.

The universe is fast asleep, just dimly beginning to wake up from a long slumber of No-thingness.

The two somethings pull and tug at each other in a state of uncomfortable comfort, like two people stranded on a vast ocean, hanging onto each other for dear life.

(A long period of Infinite Nowness passes.)

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Somehow, this is not quite enough. After awhile, because of their innate dissatisfaction, they decide to give themselves separate characteristics. Otherwise, how are they going to tell themselves apart from one another? Ideally, the more different they are from one another, the better. They struggle with one another, tugging this way or that. They are uncertain and somewhat in a state of disagreement with one another - which could be said to be the first argument in the universe. For the price that comes with differentiation is conflict - that is, who gets what. And with this conflict arises differentiation.

After seeming eons of pulling one way or the other, they give one another "roles". They decide that the first something will be positive, since it was there first - and the second something will be negative. The second will gravitate towards the first and the first will be the center. They will complement one another. Neither will be able to exist without the other. This will be the initial seed of an atom. These are the original ground-rules which all microcosmic particles will follow thereafter.

This is the Origin of Duality. This is the Origin of Male and Female.

(Infinite Nowness yawns throughout the Void.)

Yet this first atom consisting of a positive something and a negative something feels somehow incomplete. What if either one of the somethings became reabsorbed back into the hideous all-encompassing Void (which is what they are anyway, unbeknownst to them)? Then one would be left incomplete and thus cease to exist!

(In the background, the Cosmic Mind is chuckling to Itself. It's having a lot of fun with this! What will arise next?)

They must do something about this. Between themselves, they decide the best thing to do would split off a fragment of each of themselves, then fuse these fragments together into a separate something. So each of them rubs tightly against the other, then grunts, groans and shivers until this is accomplished. This is the First Orgasm.

They look upon their work and it is good. Now they have a third companion to preserve their mortality. Of course, in order to differentiate this something from either of themselves, they must give it must have a characteristic that is a part of each of themselves, yet make it unique from the first two. This gestation process is tremendously painful and challenging.

After considerable debate and mulling over it and indecisiveness and confusion, they come up with a compromising solution: This third something will simply be neutral, being neither positive nor negative, yet it has the capability to take on the characteristics of either, should either the original positive or negative something become reabsorbed back into the awesome Void. This something will also be a catalyst, a glue that binds the first two together even more tightly, since they need it just as much as it needs them to exist. This catalytic progeny will give the initial positive and negative something in common.

Now their little universe, this seed of an atom, feels a bit more complete. All three somethings, positive, negative, and neutral-catalytic love each other very much and feel very happy together. The three of them together should be able to outwit that nasty Void out there.

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(Infinite Nowness... The Void thunders all around in Awesome Silence... Something is trying so hard to be...)

The state of satisfaction the original atom has of becoming a complete entity in itself is not to last very long. Because dissatisfaction is programmed into the very nature of things, the atom becomes a bit restless. It contemplates the surrounding Void which threatens to destroy it. What a precarious state of existence this is.

What it needs is more atoms. Yes, that would do it! It immediately goes about making copies of itself, each of the three forces reproducing themselves to split into numerous uncountable fragments. The positive, negative, and neutral fragments will sort themselves out into more atoms.

These particle/forces are very restless. There is a restlessness in the very essence of the surrounding Void. Waves stir in the No-Thing stirring up forces upon forces. The forces are waves and particles simultaneously. They quickly sort themselves into positive, negative, and neutral-catalytic. Quickly will the more subtle coalesce into the more tangible.

This is a rather intense moment. In virtually an instant which lasts forever and ever, greater and greater numbers of the three forces expand within a non-local infinitely tiny point. Each new fragment in turn generates innumerable fragments, stirring waves in more and more unstable patterns, churning a vast Cosmic Maelstrom in the Oceanic No-Thing, creating massive amounts of somethings from the infinitely tiny point which has no locality at all (there being no locality to pinpoint it at).

It does not take long before they are all rather uncomfortable being confined in such a tiny non-local point in the midst of the infinite Void. They need to expand. So they all mutually agree to have a... a...

BIG BANG!

They all grunt and groan and rub together and tense up to EXPLODE! And huge clumps of them take off into all directions in local space. The energy from this explosion, the greatest explosion the universe has ever had, create infinite amounts of stuff to create even more forces from this Grand Vortex Point funneling from within to without, hurling them with delight and joy towards the infinite reaches of the Void.

Where did all this stuff come from? From No-Thing, of course. Since something and No-Thing (i.e., what we would think of as "space") are actually the same thing, it is only a matter of conversion.

Thus arose the Birth of this Universe.

The distant sounds of this Original Explosion, this Grand Orgasm can even now be heard throughout the universe. In the Ultimate Center of it all, it is still happening.

The Cosmic Mind has gotten quite a kick out of this. It loves to witness such fireworks. It is even more fun to be such fireworks! Eagerly it plunges in and identifies, identifies, identifies....

("I am this little thing and I am that little thing and I am this little thing and I am this little thing and I am this little thing and I am that little thing....)

THE EVOLUTION OF MATTER

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THE RULES OF THE GAME OF PHYSICS

Now matter has conquered the Void. The stuff is all over the place, spread everywhere and anywhere. The Big Bang has created quite a mess and there seems to be no rhyme or reason to it. All these particles are scurrying up and down, backwards and forwards, leaping from one nonlocal point to another. The original atom (and the Cosmic Mind behind it) has succeeded beyond its wildest expectations.

Just to make this whole thing somewhat more orderly, the atoms (with a little hint from the Cosmic Mind whispering in the background) collectively decide to have a rule: Atoms shall be attracted to those clumps of atoms with the most atoms. The closer they are to such clumps, the more attracted they shall be. This is actually quite their natural inclination, anyway, since they're all scared of the horrible Void and keeping in close company with one another makes them feel safer from dissolution. Thus the Law of Gravitation comes into being.

The Law of Gravity could be said to be the Law of Greatest Popularity. Particles, and later, more sentient beings, will tend to be attracted to those with the greatest following. As they become attracted to the greatest clumps, they make it bigger and thus it becomes even more attractive. The Law of Greatest Popularity tends to become an end in itself. Thus galaxies are far more popular than suns, and everyone wants to live there.

The Law of Gravitation has most peculiar properties. It acts like a force on one level, but on a more wide scale macrocosmic level, it actually bends the space (i.e., No-Thingness) around it. And - haven't we said somewhere that No-Thing is absolutely equivalent to Matter-Energy?

The Law of Gravitation has some repercussions. At a certain distance, a smaller clump might be tending to travel in a straight line near a larger clump, but it is not quite close enough to the larger clump to join it, so it spins in a circle around the larger clump instead - following the curvature of space. So we have a universe of circles within circles, which look kind of nice, too.

Another repercussion is the clumps will tend to arrange themselves into spheres, since this is a situation of maximum comfort for all the atoms within a clump. After all, if a clump arranged itself in the form of a cube, the corners of the cube would be further from the center than the points in-between; then the atoms there would be jealous of them and there could be some dissension between the atoms. (The Cosmic Mind has experimented with universes like that, though, with strange results.)

This simplifies things considerably. Whereas before, we had a rather messy and disorderly universe, now things start to fall into place. It is the nature of things to seek maximum order for maximum security. This feature will repeat itself throughout the evolution of things into more complex things. Of course, it is the fear of dissolution that is the basis for this tendency.

The huge clumps become galaxies. Clumps within the galaxies become stellar systems. Clumps within the stellar systems become stars. Surrounding the stars are clumps that become planets. Then surrounding the planets are clumps that become moons. On the planets themselves, are clumps that become things like mountains and water and life-forms and stuff like that.

Both in the infinity of the macrocosm and the infinity of the microcosm, there are larger clumps which encompass the smaller clumps. There is no ultimately largest clump nor smallest clump, admittedly a rather frightening concept. Just to make it more manageable, we'll stop with

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sub-atomic particles at one end of the scale and the local clump of galaxies at the other. (Yes, it goes further - there are particles within the particles each a universe unto itself - and the entire universe is but a mere atom in something far, far larger!)

The Cosmic Mind experiences all this with satisfaction and finds that it is good. This program is working very well.

Meanwhile, while this is all going on, which has been going on since the whole thing began, a very interesting thing has been unfolding all along: Each new entity which forms, whether it be as tiny as an atom or as large as a galaxy, acquires an identity. This identity is a crude kind of ego (the esoteric meaning of the word "I"). The ego believes it is limited to the form it developed in and stays that way from sheer force of habit. It is impossible for the ego to even consider that it is anything other than its own limited viewpoint in the realm of dimensional reality. When one particular entity is absorbed by another larger entity, the original ego simply fuses with the larger one (i.e.., the esoteric meaning of the word "we"). Or if the entity is dissolved, the ego simply ceases to be, which is a horrible thing to it, because it cannot conceive of being anything else than what it is.

The Cosmic Mind is in the background of this all along, what the ego considers to be the "Void" (which is actually quite otherwise). The Cosmic Mind is also each ego that is born or dies, becoming the egos within all entities. Then it directs the further evolution of the universe from within the universe.

At each such juncture, the Cosmic Mind forgets that it is All That Is and comes to identify with each particular ego - as well as with the "I" of the universe.

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A NOTE ON SO-CALLED "LAWS"

The Law of Gravitation, the Law of Positive-Negative Attraction (i.e., electromagnetic attraction), the Strong and Weak Nuclear Forces, as well as all other "laws" of physics which our present day scientists have uncovered are more like a kind of game-plan that all matter inadvertently agreed to follow. It is what matter happened to "fall into", a bit like traffic lights for cars and the convention to drive on one particular side of the road.

However, every once in a while, someone drives through a red light or on the "wrong" side of the road. A few sneaky particles evade the speed limit of light and get from one end of the universe to the other end of the universe instantly. Or perhaps a bowl of cherries, in conjunction with the urging of the consciousness of a person with psychokinetic abilities, may fly upwards, then land safely on the floor.

Despite these exceptions to the rule, scientists tend to ignore them and take it <u>statistically</u> that all is well and matter in general is following the laws like good little particles. Matter tends to be very conventional - sometimes. Every great once in a while, matter goes haywire and leaps to an entirely novel manner of re-organizing itself.

Another way to put it is it's like a habit pattern, just like one of us may develop a habitual way of walking, talking, dressing, etc. Matter at this stage is not yet autonomous enough to break such habit patterns - that will come later at higher stages of evolution. It's the line of least resistance that beings can come into.

THE BEGINNING OF TIME

With the arising of the dissatisfaction which gives rise to the universe and its myriad forms, comes the sense of time. Time comes about due to a sense of coming from one place and going to another. If one were not going anywhere at all, there would be no time. The feeling of dissatisfaction with what there is forces one to want to do something to go somewhere else or do something else. One is then constantly evaluating how close one is to achieving some kind of satisfaction. An entity may go so far as to set some kind of deadline for achieving this satisfaction, and thus there is a sense of being trapped by time. Of course, there is the ultimate dissolution of any given entity to contend with, which certainly leads to this need for deadlines. You better grab all you can before the big Death-Day comes.

At the initial stages, the sense of time is very distorted and a-chronological. It is very muddled and primal. There is simply a drive that one must go towards something, but one doesn't know quite what it is. There is no clear-cut plan. In the early stages, the sense of time is a bit like one of us who is extremely drunk, drugged, or a state of sleep-walking, swaggering around to God knows what. Memories are confused and their order is mixed up. Things simply react to current circumstances, sensing what is good for perpetuation and what is not.

It begins with no plan, but becomes gradually more planned as we go along.

Please remember this abstract personification of the Cosmic Mind is misleading; that is simply a easier way to convey it to the human mind-frame. The Cosmic Mind is not some person, some separate entity more gigantic than all other entities.

The Cosmic Mind is no entity at all. It is at the root of the existence of all entities. Yet It is no-one, no-thing.

It is All-One, with neither end nor beginning, with no boundaries whatsoever, endlessly creating endless universes.

ORDER VS. CHAOS

Once upon a time, Order and Chaos were one... Then they split into two... And went their own separate ways. Order became Life... And Chaos became Death. Order became Positive... And Chaos became Negative... Order is Peace. Chaos is War. Order became Female... And Chaos became Male... And Chaos became Male... Just to spice things up.

How strange it is! What was once one... Is now in constant struggle with itself. When Order becomes too orderly... It becomes Chaos. When Chaos becomes too chaotic... It becomes Order.

This entire universe is a kind of Orderly Chaos... Or it is Chaotic Order. Take your pick... It all means the same. Never satisfied with what is... It swings from one extreme to the other.

Life appears so geometric in its patterns... Yet it is never perfect... The imperfections in the perfection... Are what gives it such beauty.

A mountain is never perfectly rounded... Nor is it ever a perfect pyramid... Yet it is so close. Spheres in space seem so smooth from afar... Yet nearby the roughness becomes manifest.

The single mole on her breast... Gives her such astounding loveliness! The single wormhole in the apple... Makes it so delicious!

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ORDER AND CHAOS COME TO AN "AGREEMENT"

Once upon a time, Order and Chaos were sitting together, attempting to decide who would get which portions of the universe. Order was neatly and immaculately dressed; Chaos was shabby and mismatched in every way. Order was prim and proper, following perfect rules of etiquette; Chaos was guffawing and cut loud smelly farts.

Order: "I say we draw a contract and have a lawyer present."

Chaos: "Hell, no! I represent myself and I don't want any of your damned rules!"

Order: "We must have perfect Laws of the Universe."

Chaos: "Nah, let's just let everything happen at random."

Order: "There should be some sort of Divine Purpose."

Chaos: "I think it'd be best to let it be as meaningless as possible."

Order: "But don't you think it should at least have some sort of Ultimate Goal?"

Chaos: "Ah, fuck your Ultimate Goal. Let it go on and on, up and down, every which

way."

Order: "We don't seem to be able to reach any kind of agreement here."

Chaos: "Good! I love disagreement! The more, the better!"

Order: "Well, you seem determined to resist what is true and orderly. Very well, then, I will make this universe as perfect and harmonious as I can, despite such deviants as you!"

Chaos: "And I will fuck it up for you any way I can! I will make your determination as indeterminate as possible."

The Cosmic Mind is undecided whether to make this a perfect universe or an imperfect universe. This was quite a dilemma. If it were a perfect universe, everything would be so predictable and probably even boring. If it were an imperfect universe, it would be unpredictable and even quite bewildering. The Cosmic Mind has an Eternity to mull this puzzle over, so it constantly gives it lots of consideration.

Finally it comes to a rather inconclusive conclusion. It would make a universe that was imperfectly perfect. This universe would always approach perfection, but it would never actually reach it. Admittedly, this would be exasperating for the universe being manifested, but this was the best the Cosmic Mind could come up with at the time.

Of course, the other way it could do it was to make the universe perfectly imperfect. However, the Cosmic Mind had tried that in some other attempts prior to this. These universes turned out to be quite flops, as they would tend to fizzle out at the outset and not develop into anything at all.

There's always a bug in the program somewhere. This bug is the Seed of Chaos. Without the Seed of Chaos, however, the universe would be extraordinarily monotonous and no being would have the slightest incentive to evolve.

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

A giant clump of matter spirals in space. It circles around the vaster clump of matter, the galaxy. It makes it feel secure to be a part of this galaxy. It would be terrified to be out there in the Void between the galaxies. God knows what is out there! (Maybe God is out there.) (And perhaps God is in here, too.)

Within this giant clump of matter, there is a central clump within it. The giant clump spins around this central clump. It is good to have some kind of center. If it were not for this center, there would be chaos, and chaos is too much like dissolution, which all matter resists.

The central clump spins round and round like a giant top. So far, so good, but something is not quite enough (as usual). Maybe it's supposed to be doing something else. It becomes more solidified, which sets it apart a little bit and makes the various atoms within feel more secure. Now it's getting a little more individualized. Besides, all the other giant clumps in the galaxy are doing it, too.

But this solidification is not quite enough (as usual). It compresses itself harder and harder. This feels good, so it keeps compressing and tightening up even more intensively. That feels even better. It draws more matter from the surrounding spiral into it to have more to work with. It doesn't quite know what's going on, but it likes it and does it with more and more energy. And grunting and panting and tightening up more and more, it begins to:

SHINE! SHINE! SHINE!

Ah, yes! This is what it wanted to do all along! Countless explosions within go on and on. It's converting its matter into seemingly infinite energy. It packs its nuclei shed of electrons tighter and tighter, like a jester playing on an accordion. It packs them so tightly, they become transformed into heavier elements, and it gives off so much light, it shines. It grins its light on the rest of the giant clump that is now its domain. It gives off light and warmth. It gets the rest of the system going. Spheres circling in the curved space around it bask in the warmth and appreciate this great fire in the sky.

One by one, other giant clumps we call stellar systems catch on and do the same thing. This galaxy and countless other galaxies get all lit up. They pass it on to the next galaxy. This is the new fashion - to shine like an angel!

This light is certainly comforting. Now we'll light up the Void of space for good. With light, we shall conquer the universe!

SONG OF THE GALAXY

I am the Galaxy! Many, many stars and worlds are contained within Me! I am huge and magnificent! I am the birthplace of multiple lifeforms! Many kinds of intelligence I grow! Powerful are my ever-turning spirals! From the Original Explosion which gave Birth to Me... I spin ever onwards... In My journey through Infinity! I am the Song of the Cosmos!

THE ORIGIN OF MOLECULES

The atom doesn't quite like being by itself. It was fused in the fiery cauldron of a distant star and hurled outward into the void. Now it is floating around in space, unattached, unloved. Photons from a nearby star it is drawn to give it a little charge every now and then. The atom senses the photon, a very different creature from it, a weird combination of a wave and a particle. Eagerly it receives the photon energy, floating languidly on the void of space with other atoms wandering near and far.

The atom is drifting around wondering what to do. It is sad and lonely.

Meanwhile another atom is doing the same. It is a bit bigger than the first atom, and came from another distant star. The stars are producing lots of atoms these days. The stars explode, reform, and build increasingly heavy atoms by fusing the lighter atoms. So now there are many species of atoms drifting about the universe.

Somehow in the unlikely void, the two atoms happen to bump into each other.

"What a coincidence!" mentated one to the other.

"Yes, I thought I was the only atom out here."

"Want to hang around with me for awhile?"

"Sure, that's a great idea!"

The two atoms find that they have some aspects that are complementary to one another. For one thing, the bigger atom has an odd electron sticking out in an awkward manner that it is more than pleased to share with the smaller atom lacking an electron in a key place. Sharing electrons like this gives the two atoms quite a charge and they grow fond of one another.

"Let's stay together."

"Yeah, this is so nice, I could do it forever and ever."

And so molecules came into existence. Other atoms found out what a nice thing it was to share electrical charges, and spread the word. Pretty soon, the whole universe is popping with molecules.

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FUSION = NOVELTY

There are some atoms of some elements who are hermits. These are the oddballs, the loners of the universe. The amount of electrons they have in their outer shell is just right for them. Helium, neon, argon, krypton, and xenon are like this. They prefer not to interact with the other elements. Happily, they drift through the vastness of the Void, in a state of blissful changelessness. They have reached the height of evolution for themselves.

(It does happen that certain beings reach a certain peak and are incapable of evolving further. They are contented to be just as they are. There is nothing wrong with this. It just happens.)

With sufficient time, however, and the Mind of the Universe is infinitely patient, clouds of hydrogen (the original primal atom) and helium can coalesce into vast stars. Forces of gravity are so intense, they huddle up closer and closer to one another until they cannot stand the pressure. The pressure forces them to change into something they were not originally. Every three helium atoms are fused together to become another element altogether: Oxygen.

It just takes the fusion of four heliums to make a very interesting species of atom: Carbon. Carbon is a most accommodating atom with four open spots. It is particularly friendly to hydrogen and oxygen.

Then the stellar alchemist creates in its brilliant cauldron another interesting element: Nitrogen. This atom forms some interesting attachments to oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen, bringing them together as a cosmic matchmaker.

Yes, later on in this story, hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen, with a little help from phosphorus and silicon, will make most merrily with one another.

And the fusion keeps the stars shining for billions of years until they are ready to explode.

The explosions send out new elements to form new kinds of stars and planets in distant reaches of the universe.

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$\mathbf{FIRE} = \mathbf{WATER}$

Hydrogen atoms are very restless. Having only one electron in their outer shell, they always feel incomplete without two to make them whole. Always they search for someone who will give them what they need.

Now here come some oxygen atoms. They only have six electrons in their outer shell. If they only had eight, they would be like neon, happy and content. Oxygen in its intense desire wishes so much that it could burn something. Oxygen loves fires!

Upon a relatively small planet three planetary orbits away from its sun, a cloud of hydrogen encounters a cloud of oxygen. Two atoms of hydrogen zero in on each atom of oxygen. They decide to make an exchange. The two extra electrons of the two hydrogens have something that the oxygen atom would like to have very much! The oxygen grabs those atoms without hesitation.

"Ooooo, baby, baby, you make me burn!" they say to one another in atomic language. "You light my fire!"

And sure enough, they explode in flames in the atmosphere of this growing planet.

They share their electrons. The electrons spin around both types of atoms in a whirling figure eight pattern. And they become transformed into something neither of them were in the first place:

Water.

As they become transformed into water, the gushing orgasm of their encounter, they put out their own fire. After all, fire, as dramatic as it is, cannot burn forever. They sigh in happiness and settle into a new level of being, falling as rain to feed the new-born oceans which lap the shores.

How strange it is that one thing becomes transformed into its opposite and antithesis! This is how fire becomes water.

The root of water is fire. The root of war is peace. The root of male is female. And the root of female is male. The root of chaos is order. And the root of order is chaos. Verily, this is the Way of the Universe!

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THE SECRET LIFE OF PLANETS

On a lonely planet, heated by its sun, the rock begins to melt and run in rivulets on its surface. Its center thaws and there is liquid rock there. The liquid rock is not quite satisfied with where it is (as usual). It would like to crawl out of this oven down here and experience what's going on up there. It pushes against the surface, cracking and shaking the surface as it goes. There must be a way out of this damned maze.

Finally it finds an opening! Wow, there's all kinds of things up here - light and heat coming from some big ball of fire way up there, and an openness it has never experienced. This is great! It tells its fellow molten rock to come on up, the air and water's great!. Molten rock pours out upon the surface, exploding as it goes, thrilling in its ability to create such havoc on the surface. It pours outwards and upwards, piling upon itself as it goes. It pushes the surface as it goes, which is not making the surface very happy in the least. The surface would prefer to just be left alone, instead of having all this mountain-building and meteors bombarding it and water gushing on it, but it sighs and endures as all planetary surfaces do.

However, in its eagerness to explore and explode, there is a catch (as there usually is). It begins to cool off away from the crack and becomes solid again. Finally it cools off enough to seal the very crack through which it exited. Awww, and just when we were having fun, too. That was almost like being (alive)... (Alive... such a nice word on the tip of the consciousness... alive... what is that?)

Now the corpses it leaves are vast mountains being pushed up by molten rock below. Giant sections of the surface are raised up with the mountains. There was much steam in the molten rock which begins to condense into cloud. This steam desires to...

Rain... Rain... Rain... And that's what it keeps doing until lower parts of the surface are filled with huge oceans lapping their salty waves against countless beaches like tongues licking away at the higher surfaces. The water has its own imperatives.

It's funny how one change leads to another. And that's exactly what the Cosmic Mind has intended.

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COMPETITION

With the arising of separate entities, there is competition. One entity would like to preserve its integrity longer than the entity next door, so if conditions change so that one entity has the advantage over the one next door, then all the better. But there is a catch (as there usually is in a finite universe). The entity next door may not approve of what that entity is doing, so it would be to its advantage not to allow that entity to have the advantage. Instead, it creates its own advantage. And if its own advantage happens to cause its next door neighbor to become dissoluted, then that's just too bad. So they struggle with one another for who gets the advantage. Thus there is competition and thus there is war. And thus endless complications arise.

The Cosmic Mind is somewhat perplexed by this dilemma. Because competition is an unpleasant factor indeed in this particular attempt (among others) at a perfect universe, the Cosmic Mind would like to eliminate it altogether. But this damned bug in the program always seems to keep popping up sooner or later; there just doesn't seem to be any way around it.

But little do the entities know is that by competing with one another on one level, they are actually cooperating with one another on a higher level. They are helping one another evolve. They are making sure no one ever gets it all. They are making sure that no one can get the upper hand indefinitely. For if that were to occur, there would be a horrendous imbalance and the whole she-bang would go out of whack like a misshapen wheel. And thus the evolution of increasingly complex, alive (conscious), and intelligent forms begins to arise.

Tall rocky jagged-pointed mountains... Surrounding a tall wind-bluffed cliff... Overlooking this vast Vista of Eternity... Wild oceans breathe water vapor into the air... Becoming heavy clouds which weep with their rain... Creating streams running into wide rivers... Which feed the ocean anew.

Nobody made any of this... No-one was born... There is nobody to die.

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THE LONG LIFE OF A ROCK

There's really not much to a rock. It can be measured from one end to the other. It is composed of a mixture of certain types of minerals, which are the remains of other rocks which got crushed to and fro in the shiftings of the planet. It is not even a particularly neat mixture. It just got that way and fell into remaining that way.

The rock just sits still and takes whatever happens to it. It feels no pain or sensations. It is unable to see anything - it lives in a dark world of its own, oblivious of anything else around. However, it does have a limited sense of vibrations traveling through the ground or from other rocks around it, which could even be said to be a form of communication. You can bet that when an earthquake gets going, the rocks are very excited. It has a definite sense of heaviness and gravity. Gravity is the center of its existence.

Is a rock alive? That's a good question. It breaks in pieces which could be said to be a form of reproduction. It absorbs other rocks which could be said to be a kind of eating. It has a definite temporary form until forces destroy that form, which can be said to be a kind of death. A rock could be sitting around for millions of years, just biding its time away - until another rocks rumbles from a nearby landslide and cruelly crushes it - thus putting an end to its existence. Even the stones do not live forever.

The essence of a rock or solid inorganic matter is sheer inertia. It is just barely conscious - maybe where we are when we're fast asleep. The rock is the Archetypal Couch Potato - just the most remote buzz of existence humming in its molecules. That bare consciousness is not really conscious of anything except its own being. Rocks simply don't exert any energy whatsoever, taking whatever happens. In a funny way, they are lucky because they don't feel driven to do anything. However, it's such a low level of consciousness, it eventually becomes rather boring to be that way, and matter simply has to evolve somewhere beyond this stage. Matter remains in this state for a very long time, though its sense of time is a little different from ours. Years are like seconds, centuries are like minutes, eons are lifetimes.

Let us delve now into the life of a rock:

The rock is born one day when it breaks off the side of a mountain and rolls down. It rolls and rolls, jumping over other rocks, excited at this wonderful brief sense of freedom. Then it comes to an abrupt disappointing halt. It has rolled down as far as it can go. It snuggles close to the patch of earth where it has landed and stays that way. There is nothing more it can do. It has no energy to pick itself up and go somewhere else.

It lies baking in the sun. It gets a very faint pleasure from the energy of the sun. The energy of the sun boosts the energy of the atoms and molecules which compose it and make the whole rock feel relatively more alive. It causes very subtle molecular changes in its composition. It could just lie here and do this forever. After a few centuries of sunbathing, it begins to crack in places. There is a price to everything.

Then the rainy seasons begin. There are seasons when it rains frequently and never seem to stop. The rock misses the sun, but it has no choice but to lie there and take it. The rain runs in tiny rivulets across its surface. Aging lines form in the rock's face from this endless exposure to the rain.

Then the weather changes for the worse. Cold shrieking winds blow in from the icy North. The winds turn the rain into flakes of snow. The flakes of snow bury the rock underneath foot piled upon foot upon tons bearing down upon it. For hundreds of feet above, the snow piles upon it. The rock loses hope that the sun will ever shine upon it again. The weight of the snow and ice crush it and the rock breaks into pieces. Although the rock is in pieces, each piece still feels like the original rock.

This process goes on for hundreds of centuries. The snows form currents which flow slowly between the mountains, scooping up other rocks to join the process, decreasing the height of the mountains. Even the highest of mountains are mortal.

Then the weather changes again. The sun shines more strongly and the snows melt away. Once again, the rock is exposed to the light of the sun, but in an entirely new place, in a valley by the shores of the ocean. There was so much snow to melt that the oceans rise up. The rock spends centuries lapped to and fro with the encroaching waves crashing on the shore. Over and over, it surfs with the motion of the waves.

Those days are over now. The rock is now lying at the bottom of the vast ocean, being churned about by currents drifting to unknown bottom lands. It rises and falls with the gravity of the Great Moon above, Itself a Huge Rock in the Sky.

The rock and all the pieces that make it up become gradually smaller and smaller. It finally dissolves inexorably into the salts of the ocean. It will then drift with the currents to vast rising continents to be washed up on strange new shores.

The rock has died to become something far greater than itself.

CRYSTALS COME INTO EXISTENCE

The molecules are hanging out within a rock one day wondering what to do next. Being in a rock is, well... boring! Maybe they could do something different from what has been done so far. Besides, it was a rainy day on the surface of the earth, and the stupid rock was crushed beneath tons of other rocks from a recent avalanche.

Just to pass the centuries away, the molecules decide to play a little game. They would line up in orderly rows, so that all of them would be geometrically in alignment with one another. They try this and it turns out to be far more interesting than simply lying around any which way. Initially, it's quite a challenge, because they have to overcome the resistance of the other molecules. But once the other molecules catch on, it's quite a blast.

It takes millions of years for them to create their masterpiece - a crystal! The whole rock is transformed into something far different from the amorphous lump it used to be. The work the molecules put into this can be compared to the Great Pyramids of Egypt. It is a subject for awe and wonder!

They find that being a crystal concentrates energy and makes itself a more powerful and conscious being than it was before. The crystal is able to grow and form seeds to form other crystals. This is almost like... (living).

Other rocks catch on. Crystals are the going growing thing. Inexorably they creep all over the surface and within the interior of the planet. The news goes to other planets and from one stellar system to another. Crystals are amazing and beautiful and can contain far more energy and potential for intelligence than before!

The crystals can do quite beautiful things. They can form into all kinds of intensive geometrical shapes - hexagons, octagons, pyramids, dodecahedrons, infinitrons! They can capture the rays of the sun within them and make it shine even more brilliantly.

THE SONG OF THE STREAMS AND THE WAVES

Water trickles down the valleys everywhere, then joins a river. The river joins an ocean. From the ocean rises water steam to form clouds high above. Then the clouds burst upon the land creating trickling water down the valleys everywhere.

Water is alive. It was originally born in the fusing of airy elements released by an exploding volcano.

Water loves to keep on the go. Ever restless, it cannot keep still for very long. It is utterly miserable when it is frozen. Yet, even when frozen, it flows in glaciers. It forms elaborate crystals out of itself to kill time. How creative it is in its creation of the hexagonal crystals which drift from the sky!

Water is utterly flexible. It can fit into any container you fit it in. It responds immediately to all vibrations around it with waves.

There is no sense of concrete ego in water. How can there be? It is always changing from one thing to another. Does the stream stay still for a second? Do the clouds ever stop changing from one pattern into another?

It is this dynamic, vibrant, and flexible character which makes water so perfect for the primary ingredient of life. Born of fiery yang, it is the complementary yin which soothes and comforts.

SONG OF THE WAVES

We are the waves. Ever we churn and ever we pound the shores, polishing and grinding the stones into sand. We take a deep breath inwards and rise. We hold our breath as long as we can, rising ever higher. For that split second, we have reached the zenith of our form. Then we let out a long sigh and allow ourselves to fall and crash into the earth. Ah, that was so nice!

Let's do it again! And once more, we breathe inwards and upwards, resisting the forces that would pull us down. If we could only hold that beautiful crest forever! But it is not to be. In the end, we always fall and climb upon the shores reaching as high as we can. The centuries pass and we battle with the land, hurling ourselves at full speed to knock down the cliffs, to round out the jagged edges. This is our way of stroking the face of our mother the earth who spins us around in circles.

When shrill winds of the furious hurricanes blow, we lift up our crests and use them as sails. O how high we rise! How powerful we are! No barrier can hold us back! We travel far up the wide rivers that feed us. Now we are the source of all water!

The moon is our secret lover. At night, when she is full and high above us, we rise ever higher, attempting to touch her face with the tips of our crests. We are colored with silver shiny slime of our efforts. We heave and ho in synchrony with her magnificent madness!

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AIR

Of the four primary elemental forms, air has the most subtle qualities. Do we breathe the air or does the air breathe us? Invisible, yet it is so solid if it becomes a strong wind.

In air, the molecules are hopping restlessly to and fro. They can neither be solid nor liquid.

Air can neither be captured or contained. Utterly free, it eludes the grasp. Naught has the freedom of the wild winds, whipping to and fro, high above the surface of the planet, far beyond the concerns of mere mortals.

The air penetrates to the edge of space. There is more space in air than the other basic forms. Air is free because it celebrates its sheer spaciousness.

What is the sound of one hand clapping? That is air.

AH, THE WAYWARD WIND!

I am the wind! Vast currents carry me along. I sail high up beyond the planet... Then swoop down to create waves and havoc. I am powerful enough to move tiny rocks. All must bend with my power.

I move with the energy of my friend the sun. Heated up I gladly absorb his energy. Together we will conquer the earth... And nothing can stop us!

I am the sculptor... Creating ever changing patterns in the vast clouds... Creating ripples and waves over the face of the wide earth.

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FIRE

What is fire? Fire is explosion. Fire is the breaking point of fusion. Fire transforms that which it touches into itself. Fire is the sheer expression of energy. Fire is found in the stars, in the centers of planets, in the exchange of electricity between the sky and the earth. A subtle fire burns in the molecular transformations which take place in the unfoldings of life.

Fire is ever impatient to create change. Fire is determined to spread everywhere. It is the energy point upon which all other things depend. Air and water could not exist without it. Life could not exist without it.

Of the basic forms, fire is the most lively of all. It consumes and consumes. It divides itself to form subfires to spread the energy. It breathes. It is born from the fusion of opposites. And when there is nothing more to feed it, when it has no more energy to give, and no more gas to breath, it dies.

JOYOUS SONG OF THE SUN!

See Me, Feel Me Within You! For I am the Sun! Observe the sheer brilliance of Me! You cannot, for I will blind You! For you are a mere creation of Me!

I am the ultimate Source of All Life and All Energy! Bow down to Me in gladness when I rise! Weep in darkness when I am gone! Within My nuclear furnace, all elements are forged! I can crack the hardest stones in unshielded heat! I can boil the oceans away!

Without Me, no life could have arisen! I am the Source of all Mutation! My Energy creates new levels of complexity! I am the Source of Consciousness! Verily, I am Uncut Consciousness Itself!

I am the Sun - I am the Heart of the Galaxy! I am the Ignition of the Big Bang! Pray to Me in gratitude! For I am the Ultimate Catalyst of All Evolution!

THE GRAND PROCESSION OF LIFE

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

It is around this stage that the Cosmic Mind decides it would be a good idea to have some life. Playing around with things like rocks and planets and gases and crystals is nice, but somehow something seems to be missing here. They just don't have the right kind of autonomy the Cosmic Mind had in mind. What if we could have something that does the job itself and replicates itself? The Mind of the Universe thus penetrated into matter to induce it to become such a thing.

Life is a unique mix of chaos and order. It seeks increasing order and increasing power over its environment. However, the interesting thing is that a certain degree of chaos is necessary for it to evolve to such higher states of order. If life becomes too orderly, it tends to become stuck in a rut of lower evolution. It becomes frozen like the crystals. (It does share a quality in common with crystals in the sense that its form is that of a gelatinous crystal.) It is thus essential that chaos come along and shakes up the current pattern, although this may threaten the very existence of life itself.

Life evolves on a fine line between chaos and order. Chaos is mutation. Order is intention. In a funny way, they serve one another. First life develops an intention to evolve a certain way, but its current structure makes it difficult to stick to its resolution. Then mutation occurs to make the structure fit the intention. It can go the other way, too. First there is a change in the structure by mutation, then a new intention follows to fit the new structure. Perhaps it works in a cycle. Each cycle is like another rung up on a spiral of increasing complexity and increasing consciousness. With the boost in consciousness, intention grows stronger, and thus evolution moves more quickly.

A LITTLE DISCLAIMER

It must be pointed out that this particular depiction of evolution is only one particular line of evolution which occurred on a planet that we warm blooded intelligent primates are intimately familiar with. There are countless other planets, as well as other universes, with their own separate lines of evolution branching out in ways inconceivable to us. Indeed, upon this very planet, we see different highly original lines of evolution taking place on different continents. (Observe, for example, all the weird creatures you find on Australia!)

It is the drive of evolution to reach a stage where life is able to become aware of itself and the universe around it. It is this that all lines of evolution have in common. Once it reaches the point where it is able to do this and see the underlying unity of all that is, then the process is "finished". The form that life takes to reach this stage is not really that important or predestined. The form is only a stepping stone to what is formless.

It is not utterly impossible that an intelligent self-aware form could evolve from a rather large brained dinosaur. Or that some kind of conscious entity could evolve from a kind of gaseous life form. Or maybe a rock could figure out how to pick itself up and walk around, working out an entire philosophy of life. Maybe there's a world somewhere where multicelluar life never evolved and some very intelligent oversized single cells came about. Or perhaps there are forms of intelligent photons residing within the core of stars.

Anything is possible. If the Mind of the Universe can conceive of it, then it can happen.

THE DESPERATION OF EVOLUTION

Oh, by the way, although evolution is at times fun and joyful, it is also quite painful and tragic. There are a lot of species that die by the wayside. There is a constant struggle for existence. All organisms are born with an urge for more than what they have, and if there is satisfaction, it is all too brief and transient. There are always dire circumstances which force the organism to evolve to a new level, then it turns out even that level isn't enough.

How did the Mind of the Universe get trapped in this process? Why would the Mind of the Universe, intrinsically glad and free, get itself sucked into identifying with such lowly beings. On this level, everyone is basically selfish and out for themselves. And yet, it must serve some kind of higher purpose - or it never would have happened in the first place.

Perhaps it doesn't really matter whether such ponderous philosophical musings get answered or not. Ultimately, what becomes of the universe is not that important. Yet we have to go on as if it were important. We chose this path and now we have to proceed until the bitter end.

DESPERATELY, WE EVOLVE ONWARDS...

In desperation, water rises to the sky and falls as rain...

Desperately, it crawls over rocks and valleys to reach the ocean.

The ocean desperately pounds against the rocks...

And the rocks desperately attempt to maintain their form against the trauma of the centuries.

The amoeba desperately splits in two to increase its kind...

And sperm desperately plunges into the moist recesses of the

egg in the womb to become a new being.

Fish desperately gasp on dry land, wishing they could breathe the air.

Dinosaurs desperately wail in deep snow, wishing they had warm blood to survive the

cold.

Monkeys desperately run from tigers, wishing they had bigger brains.

While humans desperately attempt to build a new society that would satisfy all people's

needs.

There is no end to the flow of desperation in the universe. And yet it is what pushes us onwards...

Towards the Void which spawned us.

THE ORIGINAL LIFE MOLECULES

After a long interval of floating nebulously in space, being rocks and crystals, after being solid (earth), liquid (water), gas (air), and fusion (fire), the original molecules decide it would be interesting to get more elaborate. They go through various permutations and add more numbers of atoms. Some molecules become whole cities of atoms. Gigantic molecules have different properties according to both the atoms that compose them and their shape. They twist and spin in all kinds of wild patterns, resembling an ever-unfolding kaleidoscope. They decide this is a lot of fun and keep doing it. When they hit upon a pattern they like, they decide to preserve that pattern and make more of themselves.

In the midst of all this, there arise seemingly spontaneously out of the void a new kind of molecule. These are the catalysts. The catalysts are like diplomats that go around matchmaking molecules together that ordinarily wouldn't associate with one another. The catalysts are the dating service at the atomic level.

The catalyst approaches a molecule and says:

"Hello, sir or madam, you must be lonely out here all by yourself in the void."

"Well, gee, I certainly am. I've been floating around here it seems forever since I came into existence. I just can't seem to relate to all these other molecules around here."

"What you need is a complementary molecule, someone who would fulfill all your missing elements. I think what you need is a companion molecule with at least four parts hydrogen, one part carbon, three parts oxygen, and one part nitrogen."

"Why yes! That sounds like exactly who I've been looking for. Do you think you can hook us up together soon?"

"As a matter of fact, she/he is right over next door to you and you just didn't know it."

"Wow, that sounds just too good to be true! You have done a wonderful service."

"Oh, by the way, this is going to cost you..."

"How much? Oh, I'll pay anything!"

"Oh, just a pittance, you'll have to give up some of your hydrogen atoms and that silicon atom I'm afraid is going to have to go somewhere else to form into a new molecule."

"Well, I'll lose some of my basic identity, but I guess I can afford that. Anything for this beloved one you speak of!"

And the two molecules got together over an electron dinner and hit it off right away. They bonded that very first night they met and have been living happily ever after since in blissful matrimony. Last we heard they were taking a honeymoon in the nucleus of a mitochondrion in a muscle cell.

Meanwhile, the catalyst went on to talk some other molecules into getting together. Things started happening a lot faster after the catalysts came on the scene. The Cosmic Mind had it all worked out to be that way.

THE DOUBLE-HELIX

It is not much to look at. How humble it is in its basic composition. It is composed of only four relatively simple amino acids, adenine, guanine, cytosine, and thymine (DNA) or uracil (RNA) held together by phosphorous (surrounded by four oxygen molecules). Two slimy strands, it is the primary material of the genetic material in chromosomes of every living cell. These two strands fit right smack into one another like a jig-saw puzzle.

It rather resembles the medical staff of two intertwined serpents you might see on a doctor's diploma. The God of Intelligence, Mercury, the Quick-Silvered One, held just such a staff in his missions to the world. This same symbol had some interesting mystical connotations among ancient mystics and alchemists. Like the Yang-Yin symbol, it represents the unity of opposites. Dancers leaped on the floors of the Temple of Isis, intertwined with two writhing serpents to symbolize this principle.

Indeed, one strand of this helix is a mirror image of the other. Each amino acid is designed to attract a complementary amino acid on the other strand. If you tore the two strands apart, they would re-attract a complementary strand to compose another copy of the other. This is a rather efficient method of reproduction. With the right protein catalyst, it rips right down the middle, just like a zipper, and can be zipped right up again. With its zipper down, it contains directions for a particular protein to be made. And, oh, what a thrill it has in imparting these directions as messenger RNA tickles its insides!

The strands pass a message onto special strands, messenger RNA, to go out into the oily amino acid world beyond and create proteins. Every combination of three amino acids on a strand is a code for what amino acid to add next. Unlike our silicon computers, the strands go far beyond the mere binary code, having some 64 different permutations of three, having an exceptionally compressed code. There are also special codes to tell when to add a new twist or stop making the protein, punctuation marks in the sentences of life.

Some of the proteins tell the double helix when it is time to split and make two copies of themselves - reacting to chemical circumstances. (Ex., when there is suddenly plenty of sugar to digest, one of these folks run over to the DNA and tell it to start making a digestive juice, then tell it to stop doing it when the job is done - so the DNA won't digest the whole organism!) Some proteins create a wall to separate the series of biomolecules from the surrounding chaos, making it into some kind of cell. Some proteins create energy making a series of snaps, crackles, and pops just in the right places so the whole organism can trudge around in the slime. Quite a few proteins direct the entire process of how everything interacts with everything else, the conductors of the symphony of life. It is said that there are something like a half a million kinds of proteins in the average cell. In the process of evolution, they all make this up as they go along. Thus, the strands are quite long to encode all this data.

There are special catalytic proteins which tell the double-helix what's going on in the outside world, that alter its composition to create new proteins to deal with changing conditions. Scientists haven't figured this out yet, but they will. These are very intelligent molecules and they have molecular senses to see what's happening out there - so they'll know what's appropriate to evolve next. ("Let's see... getting mighty cold out there... should I jack up the energy to stay warmer?.... should I make a warmer coat?")

Only one of these double-helixes it would take to set the whole she-bang into motion. Today we, the result of this process, call it DNA. The DNA that made us is the same DNA that made every other living thing on this planet.

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Therefore we are all ultimately related by that ancient common ancestor. The cells, the plants, the insects, the reptiles, the frog croaking in the pond, the bird building its nest, the lion prowling for its next meal, all of these are our brothers and sisters.

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CHANCE?

How did this first tentative piece of DNA come about? Did the right components just happen to be swirling about one another at the right time in some slimy pond on this planet some billions of odd years ago? They would bump into each other and say, "Oh, fancy meeting you here! Yeah, we were made for each other! Let's have a Life Party!" Maybe the sun did it, giving them a boost of energy and making them restless, which caused them to combine with one another at that particular space and time. Think about when you first met someone who you were instantly attracted to - and your life has never been the same since. It's a lot like that.

Fossils of the first blue green algae were discovered 3.5 billion years ago on this planet. Since this planet has been around for approximately 4 billion years, that's pretty quick evolution! It is almost as though it were inevitable to happen.

Oh, let's see, there was that experiment of that primate scientist (it is believed he lived in the "twentieth century" or thereabouts) who exposed certain key elements, the wondrous ever-playful hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and nitrogen, dissolved in water with an atmosphere of ammonia to intense ultraviolet light - mimicking the initial conditions of this planet after it came into existence.. It did not take long for a number of key amino acids and hydrocarbons to form. Try it - you could make the first components of life in your bathtub!

Why did this rather unlikely event occur? Is there really such a thing as pure chance? Or perhaps it is simply a roll of dice that the Cosmic Intelligence cast, knowing very well that it would fall just the way it did. In this case, the dice was mighty loaded. This is simply another instance of something that was originally chaos which became transformed into order.

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THE OILY BUBBLES

Volcanoes spew forth vast quantities of steam forming into clouds forming into rain forming into oceans. The water loves all these thrilling changes from one form into another how stimulating and pleasurable! And, oh, how it rains and rains. The rain pours on for years, for centuries, for eons upon eons, filling all the cracks and low places on the surface of the planet. The oceans see the and boil under the hot rain, crashing tidal waves to erode the ever-receding shores.

In occasional tidal pools just beyond the reach of comings and goings of the ocean, a funny kind of stuff that is halfway between a liquid and a solid, lipids are getting into what their cousins the crystals are doing. They are composed of carbonated compounds called amino acids. The amino acids wind around and round one another in long stringy spirals. The spirals in turn dance around and join hands to form oily bubbles.

In the waters beneath the surface, all kinds of dissolved minerals and submerged air are churning around in a delicious stew of oily bubbles. The oily bubbles swirl about, encompassing other oily bubbles only to burst to be consumed by more oily bubbles.

After eons upon eons of doing this, the oily bubbles develop a strange desire to preserve their oily bubble-ness. The rocks which simply lie about and crack and dissolve, accepting whatever happens, cannot understand this at all. Anyway, it seems to be the thing to do.

The oily bubbles begin to develop a kind of control over their own chemical make-up. Their chemistry becomes elaborate and symmetrical, and most importantly, flexible. This helps them preserve their bubble form. The oily bubbles use the energy coming from the star above to do chemical transformations upon themselves to keep themselves from simply dissolving back into the waters. They capture energy and convert it into hydrocarbons. Their walls become thicker.

Some oily bubbles become thieves. They consume the oily bubbles that can use star energy, because they themselves are too lazy to do so. To move about they steal the energy of hydrocarbons and convert it. They extend little wiggly things out of themselves to move about and consume other oily bubbles. Some oily bubbles get even bigger by engorging the oily bubbles that engorge the self-sufficient oily bubbles. Soon everybody is munching on everybody else.

The oily bubbles last a little while longer and then eventually dissolve back into the ocean void around them like the more stupid oily bubbles that sit there and don't do anything. They just run out of energy. Or they dry up on the sand. Or something happens to the sun and there's not enough hydrocarbons to go around. A new thing is happening here. They... (die?)

They don't like this to happen and do every thing they can to avoid the unavoidable. Yet they have a strange desire for this - the water within the oily bubbles feels somewhat trapped and would love to swim freely back into the currents of the All-Water around. And the dissolved rocks and minerals within would love to break free and just sit around inert.

Thus we can see the origin of Eros, the Life Instinct, and Thanatos, the Death Instinct, at even this early stage.

Oh, to last forever and ever... This is the ultimate goal of me... But something always gets me in the end... And I become some other me.

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THE FIRST CELL

One day, the oily bubbles get an idea. Instead of keeping away from one another and fighting one another, they figure that it would be kind of different to have a big get together. All the oily bubbles in the local area would declare a truce and have a kind of "life party". The oily bubbles spread the word. Other curious oily bubbles came to hang around. Maybe there would be something or someone good to eat.

As the oily bubbles hung out with one another, they began to notice a peculiar thing: Different oily bubbles had different specialties. Some were good for moving around. Some were good for making copies of other oily bubbles. Some were good for converting energy from the sun into oily bubble food.

So they figure: "Hey, why don't we fuse into one big bubble containing all of us? That way, we can share our different characteristics." Over oily cocktails and oily bubble hors de voures, they sign a contract then and there on the spot. The only catch to this arrangement, is they'd lose some of their individuality, and not a few called their lawyers in to examine the fine print.

However, to the relief of all parties involved, the conglomeration of oily bubbles with different specialties was a complete success. They formed the first cell in the ocean. Of course, there were a few thwarted tries, when they brought slightly incompatible characters together. (There are some oily bubbles who just can't contribute to a group effort.) These anti-social characters became viruses and bacteria and algae. They tended to hang out with their own kind, though they did find it useful to form occasional associations with the cells.

The viruses were real scum bums. They were something between living and non-living. When they were non-living, they were a kind of crystal. But when they came to life, they'd be nasty parasites going around injecting their DNA in other cells to make more of themselves, exploding the cells in the process.

The bacteria made the cells sick. There were a few clever ones, however, who made arrangements to get together with multicelluar organisms to help them digest their food.

The algae just hummed along and basked in the sun making slimy ponds.

Well, the long and short of it was the cells did lose their individual oily-bubbleness. However, now they are a far superior organization. The cell can reproduce itself with special genetic material in a nucleus. It can grow itself. It can move around and either eat or make its own food. It becomes obsessed with its power; it goes around scooping up other oily bubbles into its being.

Once these cells came along, things really started moving along.

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THE PLANTS WENT ONE WAY... THE ANIMALS WENT THE OTHER.

At the very outset of the invention of life, there is a profound differentiation: the plants and the animals. They both have entirely different prerogatives or life-drives. They chose to branch off into separate lines of evolution. Their type of consciousness is very different. They co-evolve, each type supporting the other. When there is a novel leap in the animals, there is a corresponding novel leap in plants. Or it may happen the other way around - such as when the plants ventured out upon land, the animals followed soon afterwards. Indeed, the plants always come first, since the animals could not exist without the plants. Cleverly, the plants would find ways to take advantage of the animals.

Plants sit very still and settle for what they have in their immediate environment. They are not inclined to move around. They constantly worship the sun, taking light from this Supreme God-Star in the Sky and weaving it into food. They make both enough food for themselves and sacrifice some of it for the animals (for the animals enable them to spread their seed around). They have a profound connection to the earth and rocks, digging their roots deeply therein. Indeed, their consciousness comes close to that of the rocks and crystals, but there is something more vibrant going on. The more highly evolved plants could be said to be natural mystics. They are absolutely in tune with the environment (as long as there is plenty of sunlight, water, and fertile soil).

The animals are thieves and barbarians. They cannot help it, for it is their nature, so they are not to be blamed for it. Shamelessly, they steal food from the plants (unaware that they are serving the plants' purposes), and other animals prey upon the plant-eaters. The animals are able to move around. If they don't like where they are, they can always move on to somewhere else. They are highly restless, never satisfied with where they are. Their consciousness reflects this - very jittery, always going from one thing to another.

The plants come a little closer to what the Cosmic Mind has intended, although they are a bit too passive. The animals are more fun and are more of a challenge. So both lines are invented.

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FUSION: THE ANIMAL-PLANTS

At the outset, however, there were some interesting fusions in the single celled ones who underwent all kinds of weird experimentations - animals who sit still and grow roots, or plants that can make food out of sunlight who also swim or crawl around.

The Cosmic Mind <u>could</u> have gone on with this kind of fusion in more developed creatures later, so we would have green animals who lie around in the sun to "eat". If there were not enough sunlight, water, or fertile soil, these plant-animals would then move on to somewhere a bit more favorable. They would had been a bit less restless, more inclined to take it easy, less inclined to evolve or invent.

It is possible they would then go on to become a kind of intelligent being, pondering upon the origin of the sun, creating ways to absorb more sunlight, building pipelines for water, developing methods for making more fertile soil. They would had essentially cultivated themselves. Perhaps they would travel to other planets when essential resources ran out, seeking ideal planets to grow with the right amount and type of star shine.

Actually, there are many worlds that such a line of evolution has developed to a certain point, then ceased, reaching a satiation point. It is even possible that humans may make themselves this way by a kind of fusion of animal and plant DNA.

Meanwhile, on this planet, the plants went one way and animals went the other, complementing one another in a Yin and Yang fashion.

The plants are feminine; their nature is passive. The animals are masculine; their nature is active.

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THE GREAT OCEAN OF MUCK

The Great Ocean of Muck seethes and foams beneath the all too hot star, turned on by its energy. Jelly-like molds float on its surface, spreading, stretching out tentative tentacles here and there, occasionally breaking off a bit to form another mold.

The mold of organic chemicals has developed a strange urge to be, to continue - it cannot stand the idea of dissolving into the terrifying depths below. It must set itself apart somehow. It must learn how to preserve its existence. But it needs stuff to capture into itself to do this. This need creates a great deal of confusion and invention.

A wave causes it to bump into another mold. The other mold needs the same stuff from that piece of mucky water that it does. The original mold tries to grab it before its too late. But the other mold got it.

The mold gets an idea. Maybe if it scooted over and surrounded the other mold, it could incorporate it into being a part of itself. It scrunches and squirms towards the other mold and surrounds it. Then it breaks through its boundaries and sucks it into its own boundaries. It feels satisfied with this and grows even bigger.

That wasn't too bad. Now it's time to slither over the Great Ocean of Muck and suck up other molds. Pretty soon it'll be the biggest mold of organic muck around. And it'll never have any more other molds to worry about.

Meanwhile, some other molds get the same idea and start coming up with more elaborate ways to suck up more molds.

The Great Ocean of Muck soon becomes a crazy dance of molds out to suck up their fellow molds. It even forms lovely patterns on the surface.

This is interesting in itself. But it is not quite what the Cosmic Mind had in mind. Let's wipe that and try something else.

(Once upon a time, after eons upon eons of indecisiveness, inertia, and boredom...)

No, slime molds conglomerating on the surface of the primordial ocean were not quite the idea the Cosmic Mind wanted to make a reality. The universe didn't come into existence just to stop with a bunch of dumb slime molds. There were more glorious things yet to come.

The slime molds themselves got bored with being slime molds. They chose to become organisms because that's what they felt driven to do. That's because the Cosmic Intelligence within them was goading them to do so.

They would do things like form into shapes. They'd grow into stalks and slide around. They'd ejaculate spores to make more copies of themselves. This is certainly more creative than just lying around in amorphousness. (Distant stars explode... The galaxy turns ever onward... Mountains crawl out of the oceans... The sun grows and shrinks in brilliance... The very air changes in its composition.)

They developed different organs to do different tasks: a long tube to insert, digest, and expel organic material, a filter to take in oxygen from the water, a pump to circulate material around the shell, glands to inject catalysts to help things along, messenger cells to organize the whole process and help it remember what's good for it and what's not, and finally special organs to make more of its kind.

All the cells in the organism somehow figured a way to cooperate with one another, rather than competing with each other. Yet, within the organism, each cell is an individual with its own needs. The cells discovered that by contributing to a larger being than themselves, they can actually further their own individual survival. However, in order to do this, the different cells have to become specialists. It's a little like the invention of human society.

At the birth of the organism, the initial cell, a fusion of a male and female cell, is undifferentiated, then coordinates itself into a complex organism by increasing specialization of different cells multiplying. At any given stage of evolution, this growing specialization tends to re-run previous stages of evolution.

There is a mind within the organism which directs all this.

THE COSMIC MIND HAS IT ALL FIGURED OUT

The Cosmic Mind silently works out a biological preview of what is to come:

Some organisms will fold shells around themselves to protect them from the other nasty slime molds out there who will have no interest in going further.

Other organisms will evolve such as worms who are basically long digestive tubes catching whatever falls to the bottom of the ocean. Some worms will get the idea from the implicit intelligence to evolve spinal cords around their messenger cells, and fins to help them swim in the ocean. Now organisms will be able to move around instead of being pushed around by whatever current comes their way. These would be animals.

Another class of organisms will do something entirely different. They will chose to stay put right where they are and grow roots and special ray-catchers to capture the energy of the burning orb above shimmering on the surface of the water. They will develop their own special organs. Since the animals will want to eat them all the time, they will develop special ways of protecting themselves such as having thorns or being poisonous. Some clever plants will out ways to actually offer the animals types of food to help spread their seeds around.

Basically plants will like to grow, while animals will enjoy moving around.

THE FORCE OF EVOLUTION

Thus, begins the evolution of life wending on its merry way. Whenever a type of organism becomes dissatisfied with its current form because it is detrimental to its continuing existence, it chooses to change its form gradually through the generations into a form more suitable. Although the organism has the illusion that it is doing this of its own accord, it is really the Force of Evolution planted within it by the Cosmic Mind that was behind it all.

Let us look at the slime mold above. Initially, the slime mold is an amorphous lumping of plant cells hanging out together. Then suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, the slime mold gets an idea: "Gee, wouldn't it be nice if we were more organized than this and developed forms that would enable us to just swim over to where we want to go? Think of all the freedom that would give us! And being a slime mold is so boring, too!"

Now let's not fall into the anthropomorphic fallacy, although in the process of translation, it's all too easy to do this. The slime mold did not "think" this in just those words! For one thing, it has no brain to think words like this. It "thought" in the vaguest of images and feelings. As organisms became increasingly evolved, the images become clearer as if achieving a better focus on a telescope (or microscope in the case of the molecules that made it up). Far later down the road, the images would finally become represented by words and then numerical bytes in a computer.

For now, it is more like a kind of seed-impulse. This desire is entirely unconscious or perhaps subconscious (same as barely conscious). This desire, if it is intense enough, has an effect upon the genetic material of the cells which eventually changes the morphological structure of the entire organism.

"Where did this seed-impulse come from?"

If you will meditate upon this question and go deeply enough, you will know everything.

The seed-impulse that started that slime mold into becoming a multicelluar organism is the same seed-impulse which started this universe. It is the Force of Evolution. It is the Mind within all things.

The Force of Evolution ordains that life will continually evolve into increasingly more intelligent, more mobile and adaptable, and more conscious forms of existence. All life serves the Force of Evolution. On one level, its own immediate motives are to survive and reproduce; it is utterly selfish and competitive. On a higher level, all creatures behave in a cooperative way to serve the Force of Evolution. The Force of Evolution is the means by which the Cosmic Mind conducts the Grand Symphony of the Universe.

There is no point where it is all "finished"; the Force of Evolution is destined to go on forever.

And, remember, it is all absolutely divine, from the grossest manifestations to the most heavenly.

WITH DIFFERENTIATION, ARISES COMPLICATION

Things get a little complicated with the arising of multicelluar organisms. All the cells of the body need to learn to cooperate with one another. If a few cells do not cooperate with the entire organism, the organism ceases to function and is consumed by other organisms that have their act together. The rebels cannot be allowed, since their rebellion will kill themselves as well as the entire organism.

There has to be specialization; no longer can cells be independent and free to do as they choose. Different cells agree to be in charge of different functions. Some cells digest the food. Some cells squeeze the garbage out of the body. (This is a nasty job, so they recruit some bacteria, illegal immigrants, to help with the processing -.in return for protection from the outside world.) A few cells are concerned about getting food through the body to feed everybody; they pump fluids to deliver the nutrients to every cell. Some cells act as a communication system, so everybody knows what's going on outside and can react accordingly; they become elongated and wire-like and transmit information. Some of these cells become guards to take note of what is going on in the outside world. Some cells wiggle and move the organism from one place to another; depending on information they get, they wiggle towards whatever will promote the survival of the organism, and they wiggle away from whatever will endanger the organism's life.. A few cells handle the reproduction of the organism, so there will be a continuation of the species; they contain the blueprint of the whole she-bang.

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ISN'T LIFE FUN?

On the surface, this may all seem to be rather utilitarian, but there is an ultimate purpose behind it all that is difficult for us to comprehend at this stage. It is as if the entire universe as a whole is a vast organism and each of us are merely cells in the process, simply carrying out our functions, having no idea what the Cosmic Artist is trying to do.

Life obviously shows a kind of purposefulness in the way it chooses to live as long as it can. There is no adequate explanation for how something of such a complex and organized nature can arise from blind accident. Even the fact that matter seems to go by certain laws is a drastic flaw in the idea that the universe is without purpose. Indeed, life would have never arisen had the parameters of the universe been just slightly different. The very fact that we are driven to seek an explanation in the first place indicates a purposefulness to it all.

If there were no purpose to this, this would have never happened at all.

There is a certain popular theory that natural selection works hand in hand with random mutation and genetic recombination. Natural selection means that those who are best adapted to their environment survive to pass on their progeny, and those who are not die out. The changes take place primarily through random mutation. Most random mutations are ill adapted, but a couple, so they say, happen to be favorable, maybe one in a billion.

It seems unlikely that life would have evolved at all with such a dim-witted mechanism. We'd still be stewing in our organic soup, popping our oily bubbles that way. Or life would have reached its zenith of adaptation a long time ago - There are millions of single celled creatures that are quite well adapted to their little niches; there would have been no particular reason for them to go beyond that - and indeed they're still hanging in there - while others move onwards to greater complexity..

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A NEW SCIENCE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Life is a conscious entity. There is a self-organizing principal within life. When life desires a change in itself, this desire has an effect on the structure of its form and its DNA. Its mind-desire affects its material structure to a new level.

There is a way in which messenger RNA communicates to the DNA what conditions in the outside world are like and the DNA changes accordingly. The DNA has molecular "sensors" to tell it what is going on beyond the cell walls and the DNA intelligently responds to adapt the organism accordingly. If it were forced to wait for a gamma ray to hit it just the right way or for just the right recombination of DNA molecules from different partners, it would take forever to evolve the appropriate way. It is not a one-way street from DNA to RNA to the creation of the proteins.

As multicelluar organisms developed, this same mechanism transferred to that. It became a bit more complex. The messenger RNA evolved into specialized cells called "nerves".

Evolution is not merely utilitarian. This utilitarian outlook is a cultural influence that only hard work is valuable and play is worthless. It is as if life were pictured as some kind of businessman or corporation seeking exclusively for some profit motive. Indeed, business gladly latched on to the idea of Darwinian evolution that life is simply "survival of the fittest" to justify their greed and selfish behavior.

Who can witness the hawk flying high in the sky, gliding with the currents of the air, and not even slightly suspect that it occasionally does this simply for the joy of it? Do you not share the ecstasy of springtime when leaves and flowers burst from the plants? Surely you do at least a couple of things just for the sheer fun of it, not because you are trying to "get something to survive". Perhaps there have been times when you've experienced an unusual sense of freedom and happiness, and not just because you filled your stomach or gotten laid.

Life is constantly evolving to new levels because it seeks adventure. It seeks fun. It seeks pleasure. The spice of pain goads it ever onwards. (After all, isn't sweetness accentuated by a little bitterness?) It seeks knowledge. It seeks power. It seeks the bliss of existence.

It is an artist continuously modifying itself. Just look at all the varieties of different lines of evolution and you'll see what I mean. Have you ever walked out on a field on a beautiful spring day and really taken a good look at all the kinds of flowers and heard all the different calls of birds and frogs?

Life is the Mind of the Universe acting out Its desire to be, to know, to do, to feel. Life is God.

The essence of Life is consciousness. Consciousness is what drives it all. Consciousness continually invents new forms to become even more aware, to experience ever new intensities of experience.

You will never learn this in a book. No one can tell you this. You can only find it within the depths of your own experience.

THE INVENTION OF SEX

Somewhere around this stage, there evolved a new and rather interesting feature - sex. The multicelluar organisms become obsessed to try out a novel way of combining their genetic material, so each species differentiate into male and female. It just seems to be the thing to do. Somebody starts doing it and sooner or later, everybody else is, too.

The idea here is that if there is male and female, there could be more interesting possibilities for recombination of different features than if everyone just makes clones of themselves. You can pretty much expect a clone to look and act pretty much like the parent - and this gets rather dull after awhile. It's much more exciting if the progeny shares features of each parent. And it's a little quicker than waiting around for mutations to happen.

There is a kind of sex at the single cell stages. Two cells come together and huddle up to each other. It feels nice to do this. Then they open their walls up a bit and share some genes.

There is no particular reason why there can't be more than just two sexes. Indeed, there are worlds and universes where the Universal Mind has tried just that. This time the organisms are programmed to find it hard to count past two. (Indeed, this is true even in our own species with its obsession with various dualities, i.e..: good vs. evil, order vs. chaos, sanity vs. madness, white vs. black, Christian vs. pagan, capitalism vs. communism, etc., etc.)

There are a few technical difficulties at the outset. For example, the chromosomes of the sex cells shared have to be split in two in each one to make one complete set in the fusion. Also, the developing new organism has to quadruple its cells (meiosis) rather than simply splitting in two (mitosis), in order to keep chromosome number consistent.

Sex is to turn out to be a wondrous experience for organisms. What a delightful way to commune with one another and seemingly make something out of nothing. The organisms are programmed so that they desire this more than anything else and the intensity of the pleasure involved increases as organisms grow in awareness and sensitivity.

However, the differentiation into male and female is also to turn out to be a great curse. No longer is an organism to be sufficient within itself. Now it will always desperately need the opposite sex to feel whole, seeking opposite and complementary aspects missing in itself. ≉∭ ँ⊡⊡&; □↗ ┇⊡⊡*∭∦∎Љ

PLEASE BE WITH ME - I NEED YOU!

Fish swim in elaborate zig-zag patterns, sunlight flashing off their brightly colored skin.
Peacocks spread their feathers with eyes of God.
Frogs peep constantly in the spring.
Worms slither around one another in circles.
Dinosaurs fight and growl in the dust to win the egg bearer.
Wolves howl in the pain of their desire.
Deer proudly show off their horns.
The man writes long poems in praise of the woman.
It's all the same poignant cry through the millions of ages:

"I need you! I need you! Please be with me!"

THE SQUIRMING WORMS

Some of the first multicelluar, multi-organed animals were rather simple - worms. Worms are not very interesting creatures to us, but at the time of their invention, they were all the rage and all the other animal-cells were getting into the act. All you have to do is get together in a long tube and have stuff go in one end and go out the other. The first worms are actually not much more than an intestinal tube.

Like the digestive system, eating is the whole purpose of their existence. A worm travels through all the shit on the bottom of the ocean left over from rotting plants and dead animals, sucking shit in one end and leaving a trail of shit out the other end which another worm will help itself to. They have no particular aversion to eating the dead or even half-dead bodies of their companions.

They're pretty stupid and do dumb things like get tangled in a mass of seaweed, then get eaten by other creatures or worms. They're blind and only hear by skin sensations. They can sense where good nutritious shit is and where stuff is that's best to avoid. They don't really have any sense of pain or pleasure - their activities are somewhat automatic. You can cut them in half and they wouldn't know the difference. Each half will just grow into a whole worm.

The life of a worm is rather pathetic but luckily they don't know any better. They find it comfortable not to make any decisions other than to eat, eat, eat all the time.

Some worms can slide around from place to place. It's a bit tricky to do this without legs, but they somehow pull it off by pushing the first part of their body forward while scrunching up their middle, then sliding the rear part to catch up. Admittedly awkward, but at this stage it will have to do. Try crawling around without using your arms or legs, and you'll see what it's like.

There are other types of worms that are too lazy to move at all. They just attach their tubes to a rock somewhere and wait for food to come their way. Because they don't move around, they rather resemble plants. Sitting around and waiting for food to come down your gullet is a very ineffective way to go about it, so it seems better to crawl towards the stuff.

If we could take a thought-detector and spy on the thoughts of a worm, it would be something like this:

"Yum, yum... good shit... slide towards it... smells good... tastes good... down the old tube... slide, slide... more over here... slide, slide... more over here... oops, that's all... slide somewhere else... something's coming this way... moving fast... better move under something... slide fast... shadow... good... it's going by other way... whew!... wanna split in two... make more worms... rip, rip... ah, nice!... mmm, another worm... smells nice... nice to cuddle, cuddle... ah, felt good... lay worm eggs... nice... look for more shit... some over this way... mmmm, good... tired... lie still under hard stuff... crawl somewhere safe... sleep... drifting away..."

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THE SHELLED ONES

Some worms grow shells to protect themselves. The shells make them very comfortable. The snail slides along the rock, licking good slimy muck off the cracks and crevices. When it has had a good bellyful, it can just curl up inside its spiral shell and take a good long nap, drifting off into the unconscious void. Predators may tap at it, but the snail is safe and sound. What could be more perfect security?

Or they may completely clam up within their shells, only opening up to have dinner, then shutting themselves within. Nothing can get at them that way. Currents of oceans drift them from one place to another. To voluntarily move about, they cut good long farts to jettison themselves.

Not only do the shells serve pragmatic utilitarian purposes, but they are fun to make. It is nice to grow and gather sand, then weld it into such a delicate pattern. The shelled ones admire one another's products and show off to attract mates. The colors are nice, too.

There are some interesting microscopic shelled plankton called "foraminifera". For each species, they have an utterly unique shell. The shells have all kinds of amazingly creative patterns and look just like little Christmas tree ornaments.

Get a hold of one of these shells sometime. Study it very closely. Become lost in the maze of intricate spirals. Contained therein, you will see revealed the Pattern of the Cosmos.

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Skeletons of shelled ones lay upon the shifting sands... Spirals within spirals curl towards the center... Circles within circles gravitate towards the omega point... Perfectly utilitarian and artistic!

THE JELLYFISH

Meanwhile, the jellyfish has nothing to do with any of this shelled stupidity. The jellyfish freely floats around, practically organ-less, like a drifting amorphous cloud in the sky. What a carefree existence this is, unbound to the muck of the seafloor, just flowing with whatever current takes it along. As far as food goes, you just grab it as it floats by. You spew your genetic material into the fickle currents and the wiggling sperms will hopefully find their way to a mate of your kind.

One day, the currents turn torrential. Waves on the surface rise high and hairy. The jellyfish is caught in a river within the ocean it cannot resist. Far from its original home, it is carried onwards rushing towards giant tidal waves crashing upon the shore. Into the air that it cannot breathe it is tossed by the waters like a helpless frisbee. It splats upon sand and rocks being pounded by currents of water falling from the sky. It spends a horrid nightmare until the hurricane and waters subside.

On the drying sand, it cannot just get up on its feet and hop back into the water, because it hasn't evolved anything like that now, but it sure wishes it has some kind of solid body. The wretched sun pours its ultra-rays upon it. Suffering and dying, it melts into the sand like the Wicked Witch of the West.

Maybe being a jellyfish isn't such a great way to be after all.

THE TRILOBITE

The trilobite, that ubiquitous shelled one of long ago, crawls over the surface of the rock, munching on sea algae. Waves and currents rush around it, but it clings tightly to its rock. Every once in a while, the tide subsides and it is exposed to the rays of the full moon. It finds this experience somewhat intriguing, but it clings tenaciously to its rock. If it sits still enough, no other creatures will notice it and try to eat it. It's best to play it safe in the animal world. Standard operating procedure is best. "If it worked for my ancestors, it should work for me", it mentates.

It is the Age of Trilobites, those ubiquitous creatures from the Cambrian Age, hundreds of millions of years ago. The trilobites come along now and populate the oceans all over. They can't help it. They are compelled to exist.

The trilobite a lot like some kind of cross between an insect and a crab. Indeed, it is the ancient grand-ancestor of both of these types. It is all covered with armor like a medieval knight, clanking its body from one place to another. Armor is all the rage in this period of time. But as knights in our own species found out, although it is certainly a safer way for protection of flesh within, it does not allow for very much mobility. And one cannot grow very big in this state.

Its state of being is rather muddled. It can smell stuff through the salt water, and that tells it where something good to eat is or where something dangerous is. Although it has never been eaten and lived to tell the tale, it has smelled some of its companions being eaten, and it is not a very nice thing. It also smells its companions and sometimes the smells tell it to get close to another trilobite so they can squirt stuff in the water to make more baby trilobites.

It can't see much of anything except a vague blur. It has primitive eyes that tell it mainly where light and shadow is. It is programmed by ancestral experience to go where shadows are to hide if it sees sudden changes in the light/shadow contrast, since this is usually the sign of a predator.

With primitive ears, it can sense auditory vibrations of things knocking around out there, but it doesn't really know how to sort it all out. It has a kind of primitive hearing that is actually a sensing of changes in motions through the water. It hides when it hears something especially loud. It is always better to play it safe, even if it may be nothing more than a rock suddenly falling into the ocean.

The trilobite isn't very interested in figuring out its reason for being there. In fact, it is hardly aware that it is there. It only has a little more consciousness than the worm it is munching on. Food and sex and danger is all it knows.

MEANWHILE, WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH THE PLANTS?

The plants are doing just fine, thank you. The slime mold becomes transformed into algae which becomes transformed into sea weeds. The sea weeds initially just float freely with the oceanic currents, then they figure out a way to grow roots into the rocks at the bottom. They breathe good chemicals for their sustenance through their skin. They reach out and grab beams of light shining through the waters.

They grow and grow all over the place. Animals take freely of their salty sustenance, but the sea weeds like this just fine. They plant seeds in themselves so the animals can take pieces of them and they can grow elsewhere. Besides, they love it when the animals shit on them - it makes delicious sustenance!

The sea weeds have a kind of collective consciousness that spreads for miles and miles. Thus, it's no big deal if a few of them get eaten here and there - just as long as the mass survives. They are all an interconnected organism.

In the high tides, their translucent stalks dance gigantically in the moonlight, reaching ever upwards for that great orb so near and far above. They have a strange affinity for the moon, which helped ignite the great chain of life so long ago - in those tidal ponds created by the gravity of the moon.

On the land, crawl the mushrooms and molds. These are weird creatures indeed. Their heads rather resemble the heads of penises, the original phallic symbols. They make poisons that are either fatal or hallucinogenic.

They are neither plant nor animal; they have a life of their own. They don't make their own food, but they stay rooted. Like worms, they like to live on dead stuff. They puff spores all over the place and have a bit of a population explosion. It is impossible to breathe without consuming billions of their spores. It is said that their spores could travel through interstellar space and start life elsewhere. Perhaps there is a distant planet of intelligent mushrooms which breed creatures like us for their amusement.

Some molds form a cooperation with algae to live on rocks. These hybrids are lichens. They are inextricably entangled with one another in an extremely co-dependent relationship. The algae make all the food for the fungi, and the fungi provide a certain protection from the inhospitable environments, the lifeless deserts initially on this planet. Their relationship works out very well; they are the toughest creatures on the planet. They could easily live on Mars..

The lichens spread over the forbidden environments on the face of the earth. Neither Siberian cold nor desert heat stops them. They can live on icy environments like Antarctica. The rocks and the lichens are so intertwined, they form a single entity.

This kind of inter-species cooperation is very interesting. It is as if the separate species were components of a larger organism. It is said that the entire biosphere is such an organism.

COOPERATION IS BETTER THAN COMPETITION

The fusion of what were originally separate entities into a larger cooperative whole is a basic principal of the universe.

The first such fusion was when various sub-particles (quarks, mesons, and the such) fused into protons, neutrons, and electrons.

The next fusion was the cooperation of protons, neutrons, and electrons into various species of atoms.

The next fusion was the cooperation of different species of atoms into molecules.

The molecules sorted themselves into elaborate crystals and polymers.

A species of molecule, amino acids, sorted themselves into proteins.

Proteins and DNA/RNA came to an arrangement of reproducing each other.

These coalesced into algae, bacteria, and viruses.

Different algae and bacteria (perhaps with certain viruses) formed a cooperation called a ll".

"cell".

The cells specialized into different organs in a body.

Now, different species of bodies will form higher cooperations.

Always - cooperations will provide to be more advantageous than struggling against one another.

FROM WORMS INTO FISH

After eons and eons of eating shit on the bottom of the ocean, some of the mushy worms without shells get the idea that it might be a good idea to have some kind of skeleton within them. A skeleton would give them more firmness and it would make them a bit harder to eat. Maybe with a skeleton, they wouldn't get stuck in seaweed so much. The worms yearn for the stability a skeleton will give them.

Yeah, a skeleton sounds like the way to do it. Well, they could do what the trilobites do and have a skeleton like a shell outside, and many do. But somehow going about wearing plates of armor around you seems confining and sultry on hot days. Having a skeleton within would have the advantage of having structure and more flexibility. It would make sense to have it inside than outside.

The only problem is: They don't know what skeletons are and how to make one. What would be the best design for a skeleton, anyway? They just know they'd like something better than what they have. Well, worms are pretty patient little creatures. They just scurried around and daydreamed about it.

Most of the worms don't give a hoot about having skeletons, but prefer to remain mushy worms, hiding in the shit and eating it. And, to this day, they stay that way.

(Eons upon eons of sliding around...)

Down the generations, certain worms develop a kind of backbone to hold them together. There's a cord that goes with this backbone through which impulses can travel so the worm can coordinate the whole thing. This backbone becomes increasingly firmer. Hmmm, this is a good start and it seems to be working fine.

(Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle...)

The backbone starts growing ribs which make the sides of the worms more firm. The worms are getting tougher. At the head end of the backbone, the worms develop a hollow bone within which there is a mass of nerve tissue that enable it to make decisions in tough situations. This seems like a good idea, because more worms equipped this way tend to survive. So they keep doing it and it gets bigger, better, and more elaborate. The nice thing about it is it can coordinate messages the nerves are sending back and forth all over the body. And it's a good place to focus their identity. ("Huh?" says a dumb worm, "what's that?")

They grow scales on their skin to make it harder for other things to nibble on them. That's a little better than cumbersome plates of armor. Scales are nice and flexible. And they shine so nicely in the water.

They also find that if they grow teeth in their mouths, it enables them to eat tougher and tougher shit. They can eat plants with tough skins. They can get bigger and eat others of their own kind. They can eat other worms not equipped this way. They become the toughest worms on the block.

With a very tiny brain and nervous system, the worms become more easily bored with their previous existence of just being worms that crawl around and eat shit. Collectively, they think, "Wouldn't it be fun if we could drift through the water and control our drifting this way?"

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The worms hop to it. Some of the younger ones squirm delightedly this way and that way, and find if they can squirm just right, they can leap up off the bottom of the ocean! They find this enables them to squirm more quickly out of the way of something that might eat them and they can squirm over mountains of rocks and seaweed to get to delicious piles of undiscovered shit on the other side.

(Squirm, worms, squirm...)

They keep getting more inventive with their squirming, which is a kind of Australian crawl without arms. Then some of the brighter ones get the idea to grow fins. If they only had some long flat things sticking out their sides which they can move at will, they would be able to coordinate their movements so much better. This desire is passed on down the generations, and sure enough, one day a certain squirming worm is born with fins. Initially, the fins are short and stubby and don't work so well, but then they grow longer and more elaborate, paddles to enable them to swim better. To make it a bit more elaborate some of these worms get a tail fin which helps them steer their way while they paddle their fins. Yes, this is an excellent design! The Evolutionary Inventor is getting very excited!

(Wow, this is freedom! No longer are we bound to living in shit at the bottom of the ocean! Now we can swim!)

They get a little tired of being blind and bumping into things. That certainly isn't conducive to survival! And, besides, wouldn't it be so interesting to be able to see? They don't really know what seeing is, but somehow it feels like the thing to do. It's like something within them is driving them crazy and if they don't do it, they'll go crazier.

So they stick out some nerves from their brain to the outside world. These nerves can pick up photons. At first, all they can do is make out whether it's light or dark. As this gets more elaborate, they can make out whether something's moving in front of them or not. It's still a blur and unfocussed, but it seems good enough for now.

Would it be interesting to pick up sounds? They stick out nerves from their brain that can pick up sonar vibrations in the water. This enables them to hear whether something's swimming towards it or not.

They find that having senses is a wonderful thing. They can see and hear so many delightful things that open up a so much greater world to them than when they were just blind and deaf worms.

The worms are no longer worms. Now they are fish! Soon there are hundreds of millions of varieties of fish. There are little fish which eat single cells and plants. There are bigger fish that eat worms and trilobites. And there are even bigger fish that eat those fish.

(Eons upon eons of eating or being eaten...)

The shark, after preying on its meal of lesser fish, is dashed against the rocks by the stormy ocean. Then maggots eat their prize. The maggots grow old and die, providing food for

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the salty weeds that curl upwards towards the light above. Little fish eat the delicious weeds. Then one day, a shark comes along and eagerly chomps them up.

The whole she-bang went around in endless cycles of eating and being eaten. Circles, the Mind of the Universe loves circles. And the Mind of the Universe spoke, "Let there be circles!" And the endless universe forever spins.

O TO ESCAPE THE GREAT MOTHER OCEAN

"Let me out of here! Arrrgh! Let me out of this damned swirling ocean!" screamed the crazed fish, as it escaped one kind of fish that was out to eat it, as it pursued another kind of fish that was juicy to eat. Always escaping from one thing while pursuing something else in its never-ending battle for existence in this precarious environment. The ocean churned and swirled and bubbled, countless currents going every which way, as it rose and fell with the circling of the moon, as sporadic hurricanes stirred its surface like the Mad Hatter's tea party.

"I've got to get out of this place!" the ever-fearful, ever-enraged mixed-up fish mentated as he squirted out another load of sperm to impregnate yet another female. "There is no end to this vicious cycle of existence!" Somewhere in the back of his limited fish-brain, he had a vague daydream of somewhere there was no errant currents, a solidity beneath him. That would be nice - stability.

One day, he swam up to the surface where it seemed to be the escape hatch out of this way of life. A heated globe that was intensely brilliant lay up there, and he wondered if maybe things weren't so bad up there. With all his might, he swam towards the enchanting globe, and leapt out of the water! Escape at last!

There was a whole new world up here. Open air, high waves, such a thin subtle blueness above. The globe shone so bright it blinded to look right at it. Ecstasy, but all too brief. The sun-dazed finned one leapt and leapt again, higher and higher, in sheer enjoyment of this wondrous freedom.

It was not long before there were millions of leaping fish partaking of this wonderful world above the surface. They leapt and gasped trying to develop new organs to breathe this stuff so thin compared with the salty waters below. Plus there were delicious bugs to eat up here.

One day, a leaping fish leapt and crept close, too close, to where the waters crashed on the barren lands beyond. A seed of curiosity became planted in its fish brain and transmitted to its genes. A desire to develop a new mode of locomotion developed within the DNA that determined its form. The DNA rearranged a few amino acid bases here and there as the centuries passed, trying out what would be the design of this new mode of locomotion. It had to go about this carefully and do it gradually - or the organism would die (and we can't have that, can we?).

The DNA considered this. It would be a good idea to figure out how to breathe this stuff first of all. There does seem to be plenty of oxygen for metabolism out here; the plants took care of that. Perhaps it could make sacs that would take it in and make use of it, putting it into the bloodstream. Initially we could have the gills still working while making the transfer.

Then what we could do is extend the fins a bit, generation by generation, and give them strong muscles so they could crawl upwards onto the land. In this transition phase, we want to be able to do this new mode of locomotion and swim at the same time; then we will have the best of both worlds. We don't want to just rush into things here.

So the DNA worked mainly on the breathing apparatus and locomotion apparatus initially. It also made a few changes in the nature of the skin to make it suitable for both land and water. When it was ready, it unveiled the finished product and started production. Unfortunately, there were a few flops here and there, and some organisms ceased to function. But after a bit of testing on the environmental market, the results were fabulous and there were

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superb returns on the investment. The inventor went down in history as the one to start this new line of evolution.

Meanwhile, the progeny of the jumping fishes developed an urge to approach this intriguing land edge closer and closer. They attempted to crawl up on it beyond the waves. Their fins became legs, their gills became lungs.

The more adventurous among them become trapped in pools near the shore. (Remember the tidal pools that started this whole she-bang in the first place?) Then waters recede. They wind up miles from their source. With only gills and fins, they will surely die if they attempt to crawl out and back on that deadly desert out there. The pools are drying up. What choice do they have but to attempt to swallow the air, forcing it to be absorbed through their stomach? They must learn to crawl and slither rather than swim. Gradually they evolve a new "stomach", the lungs. Their fins can be relatively easily modified into somewhat stumpy "feet" and "legs", which become improved throughout the generations.

And now a strange beast, half-fish, half-land creature, resembling a giant salamander with the mouth and gills of a fish, perches shivering on the shell-covered rocks of the shore, looking back out at the swirling ever-churning ocean, the womb of its ancestors, filled with awe and terror at the vastness of it all. It is frozen in fear at what it has wrought, neither being able to return there, nor able to go over the sandy mountains to whatever is beyond. ☀▥╢ ▧◻◻&; ◻◪ ▯◻₫ӝ‴Ӿ■"₀

HEAVE HO UNTO THE GREAT DRY LAND!

Meanwhile, the plants are doing the same thing. No longer satisfied with being submerged in the Great Ocean, they are creeping and crawling upon the surface of the land by hurling their seed ever onwards. Some force drives them to do this, they have no idea why, but it feels right somehow.

They find this is not a bad idea, since the sunlight is so much stronger up here and the air is so good to breathe. Seaweeds turn into marsh grass which turns into dry land grass and ferns, timid at first, then grandly growing gigantic as they impregnate the air with new chemicals which protect them from getting sizzled in the sun by ultraviolet rays.

The algae crawl up the rivers and streams further inland. It is the lichens who make the initial venture; they are the first pioneers who break the solid rocks and create the thin tenuous soil for the grasses that follow. The grasses grow taller and taller and their blades become thicker and thicker until they are trunks bearing palm leaves and coconuts in the hot tropical sun.

THE ARMORED ONES GET INTO THE GREAT LAND RUSH

The trilobites have been doing their own thing, too. Tentatively, they have crawled up onto the land and grown six or eight legs to facilitate their passage. Initially, they are hybrids we call lobsters and crabs. Then they become spiders and vipers and prey on other armored ones.

The six legged ones are to dominate the entire planet with their presence. They crawl over the land and up the massive trunks of grass-trees, munching on everything dead or alive they can. They find an advantage in being small, for that makes them more tenacious and aggravating to the other creatures, plants and animals alike, which must then evolve thick skins to avoid being eaten alive by them. The plants get smart and use them to spread their seed around. Some animals find them tasty.

What these creatures have in common is they are all armored and have multiple legs. They have no internal skeleton, yet they have a similar organ layout as the skeletoned ones.

They seem to have absolutely no thoughts or emotions; they are like little living machines. They are born with a certain program for survival and follow it like a computer. Where there is flesh or fruit, they eat it. If they are caught in a situation they have no inbuilt program for, they're simply trapped. They have no fear of death, because they are barely alive anyway.

Of course, this may be simply the bias of a fleshy skeletoned one. For all we know, they may be quite intelligent and regard us as having no thoughts or emotions since our immediate reaction to them is to swat at them, step on them, or spray lethal chemicals on them.

For example, look at the civilizations they have created. The hives of bees and the hills of ants would rival anything the Egyptians or Mayans have done. They have achieved perfect coordination and equality that goes far beyond the highest ideals of Marx or Lenin. If attacked, they selflessly go into action to protect the Queen, uncaring of personal survival like Bonsai warriors. And they have managed to hold this together for millions upon millions of years without collapsing into barbaric anarchy. Order would be supremely proud of them.

Yet can it be said they have any consciousness of this? The molecules in a crystal have achieved a similar geometric order, and yet evolution did not stop here either. Perhaps they are simply doing this because it has worked and so they keep doing it. There is no self here, only a program for survival. Somehow it seems boring, so the Cosmic Mind never rested its laurels on this one.

The mind of an ant:

"Crawl, crawl, crawl... big rock... crawl over it... trunk, crawl over it... something dead... pick a good chunk of it... bring it home to tribe... crawl, crawl... heavy piece... huffa puffa... ah, the home hill at last!... Heave ho, into the tunnel we go... Queen's baby's needs food... must serve Queen... love Queen... center of our tribe... other ant ahead... DANGER!... enemy ants!... want Queen's babies!... No!... fight them!... Bite them!... strike them!... hurts... no matter... must fight or die!... Queen is all!... God bless the Queen!... life blood seeping out... weak... weaker... darkness... blank... VOID."

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THE WATER ANIMALS

On a humble planet, close enough to its star to receive sufficient energy to generate biological manifestations, the water animals crept slowly inward away from the Great Ocean which had spawned them. They swam up rivers and then up streams into higher lands. The plants with huge leaves followed them, casting seeds hither and thither.

The water animals (amphibians) are somewhat ambivalent creatures. They enjoy being upon the land, but they just can't seem to break away from the water. So they hang around the water constantly, taking a dip every now and then to wet their skin. They have the best of both worlds. Life is good to them (except when there are no bugs to eat or something bigger tries to eat them).

Indeed, they spend the first half of their lives as a kind of fish, then grow up into a water animal. Then they grow into their ripe old age, gazing at the water, daydreaming about what it was like to be a fish, speculating about what lies beyond the water. They cannot go either way all the way.

Every once in a while, a flying bug zips by. The water animal lashes out at it with a sticky tongue, then eats it. Hmmmm, that was good.

A male water animal crawls upon a female water animal. She unleashes eggs into the water, which the male water animal fuses with his seed. Hmmmm, that was nice.

At night, to keep one another company, the water animals all croak and peep and sing. A kind of boredom and loneliness compels them to do this. As the night passes and the great silver orb passes overhead, they madly sing about their joy to be on land and not immersed in water all the time.

THE GREAT DRAGONS

The water animals gradually wean off their need to be close to the water and through successive generations became transformed into land animals. Instead of slimy slippery skin they grew rough and tough scales and armor. They cut their ties to the water and train themselves to learn to live with little of it.

Perhaps there is a dry spell that forces them to do this - which forces them to mutate quickly and appropriately to be able to do this. They lose the need to gestate and develop in water and do this in big eggs. Their lungs become more capable of breathing more air. Their skin becomes thicker and can retain more water. Their leg muscles become thicker and they can run faster. Their metabolism speeds up so they are capable of doing this. They become more quick-witted and able to react faster. Their brains become larger to handle more inflow and outflow of information and their consciousness becomes brighter, albeit in a primitive way.

They grew bigger and bigger because the burning orb above was brilliant and gave off lots of light and heat to feed the great plants with massive leaves which in turn fed them while funny six legged creatures (getting unusually large themselves) crawled, swam, and flew, feeding on all of them. The land animals become carried away with gigantism. Bigger is better. It is a period of high productivity and there is plenty of resources around to do this.

They took pride and joy in their massiveness and in their ability to run, swim, or fly anywhere they wanted to go, even into the high mountains. And they became giants. Their roars reverberated throughout the earth. Verily, they were as powerful as the volcanoes are when they shook the earth and spewed out hot seething lava.

And they loved to fight! O, how they loved to fight! They challenged one another in territorial conquests and hissed and showed massive pointed teeth at one another and dug huge claws into one another's vulnerable bellies tearing guts out spilling on the earth (which the giant six legged creatures eagerly partook of). Night and day, they fought, growing bigger and bigger. Their power was great and nothing was there to stop them.

As they hissed and terrorized the earth, little warm-blooded furry creatures lay, nursing their young in pouches on their bellies, lay hidden in burrows and trees, observing the antics of these mad reptilian killing machines with horror and trembling.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EVOLUTIONARY PAST

There is no time. Only humans believe in such a thing. Time is an illusion of memory. Wipe out all memory, all traces of a past, and you will see that time does not exist.

We did not come from anywhere. We are not going anywhere. We are only here, transformed endlessly.

The whole scene of evolution could easily be experienced in a single night of dreaming. That's what it all is, a dream of agony at being trapped and joy of evolving to another stage.

Probably the reason why so many of us like to go the seashore is because we stare into the oncoming and receding waves and somewhere within ourselves, we remember. We remember the billion years of swimming around in the ocean being one kind of life or the other. We remember crawling out upon the shore gasping for air with our rudimentary lungs on naught but fins.

We also remember those Great Dragons and their mighty fights. Why else would there be so many legends all over our planet of such creatures? Why else would monster movies of Godzillas that destroy whole cities be so perpetually popular?

Yes, if you will penetrate deeply enough within yourself, you will recollect all of it. Even if you could remember the earliest stages of being in the womb, the memories are there. Remember how you started out as a cell, then become a fish, then a tadpole with gills, then a reptile, a mammal, a chimpanzee? We recapitulate all the stages of evolution each time we are born.

The process of evolution is within you.

THE GREAT TORTOISE

The great tortoise ponderously crawls onwards. Towards what, he has no clear idea. All he knows is he has to survive. The weight of the heavy shell doesn't exactly make for extreme mobility, yet he must carry his armor around with him. All he has to do is pull into his shell and anything that wants to eat him can't get at his vulnerable flesh within.

A pterodactyl swoops down and starts pecking at his shell. The great tortoise hides within his mobile home. Knock, knock, anyone home in there? No, I'm not answering the door. Please go away. I don't need any, thank you.

The sun is rather hot today and it is awfully hard to stay cool in this damned thing. Sometimes the tortoise wishes he had some central air conditioning installed. In the maddening heat, he stumbles on, trying to find some good food somewhere. He remembers there were some nice green vegetables with some juicy worms hereabouts.

Damn, he's lost again. This shell makes it awfully hard to see around. He crawls over a little way and...

Suddenly he's flying through the air, being pushed towards a new land by the force of the earth. He strikes some rocks below and his shell cracks wide open. A pterodactyl doesn't waste any time. It's babies are hungry. It swoops down and picks up his fleshy parts.

Oh well, another lemon in the process of evolution.

REX STRIKES AGAIN

Rex prowls the jungle, standing up on his hind legs to gaze over the tall fern trees, seeking for prey. He is determined to find some animal stupider than he is to eat - and he will! He sneaks through, taking one slow step after another, keeping as quiet as possible.

Far into the distance he stares intently with his telescopic eyes. With his sensitive nose, he sifts through a thousand scents, seeking something edible, rejecting that which is poisonous. With his sensitive ears, he hears every crack on the twigs and fern leaves, seeking rustling animals to eat. His brain sifts through this sensory data to find something familiar with which to make a highly stereotyped response.

From a mile away, he sees a pond of muck where huge Bronties are feasting on giant fronds off tree ferns 100 feet high. The Bronties have long necks that enable them to eat leaf-like fronds that are high up. They are like reptilian versions of a giraffe crossed with an elephant.

Along the shore side, there are these creatures that look a bit like platypuses, with duckbills and long sleek bodies that can slither off into the water. Rex can barely suppress his urge to roar with laughter. Such ridiculous creatures - anything that looks that ridiculous practically deserves to be eaten.

High above the ground, fly the pterodactyls, those creatures that look like vultures from hell with their leather wings and long pointed bills with razor sharp teeth.. They swoop down every once in a while to grab somebody's newborn babies recently cracked from shells. Or they snatch gigantic dragonflies out of the air, three feet long.

Flying in the air among them there are a few rather odd creatures covered with purplish-red feathers. These odd ones flap their wings rather than glide. They are newcomers, but there will be more of them later.

Keeping concealed in the bushes, there are some terrified warm blooded creatures covered with long hair. Rex can sense them and he will take care of them later. Right now he wants bigger prey. The bigger the better!

The Bronties hear a giant reptile slowly prowling step by step through the tree fern forest. They abruptly stop eating. With short whispering hisses, they signal one another to be still, watch out. They sense a bad smell in the air that portends danger. Carefully, they turn their heads around to scan the forest for this danger.

Rex, smiling with long sharp teeth, drooling for this easy meal of such stupid prey, steps out of the spot he'd been hiding. He runs their way and leaps.

"Now I have you, you stupid Bronties!" he mentates. An image passes through his brain of a herd of dead Bronties, meals that will fill his stomach for days. He will find a willing female, pump his juice into her, and share his meat with her and his babies.

He sinks his fangs into the long thin neck of the nearest one, eliciting a nice fresh stream of blood pouring into the tepid waters. He bites off its head, swallowing it whole. How he loves to bite off heads! With his sharp eyes he hypnotizes the Bronties so they are frozen in fear. He turns to the next one for the slaughter, screaming with blood-lust.

Suddenly, there is a roar from the interior of the jungle. Out comes a creature that looks rather like a reptilian version of a giant rhinoceros, with an armored head and sharp horns. He charges Rex, giving him no time to react, butting his horns into his unguarded rear end. "Get off my property and leave my herd alone, you stupid Rex!" he roars in reptilian language.

Rex roars with pain and embarrassment at having his flanks ripped wide open. Boy, he is

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pissed off and he is not going to stand for this. He turns and tears into this invader with his long sharp claws, ripping skin with each stroke.

Another Rex comes along. "Hey, what are you doing?" he roars, "I'm the one who rules things around here!" He is half again as big as Rex 1. Towering over both of them, he joins the fight, growling and hissing and spitting. They all raise quite a cloud of dust, having a free for all fight. They will fight until death do them part.

Who knows who will win this endless fight. In the long run, they all lose.

None of the creatures below are aware of a bright star streaking across the face of the sky in broad daylight. Their senses are not conditioned to sift for this data.

A second later there is a horrendous thundering and trembling of the earth, unlike anything experienced by this planet since.

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CHAOS MADLY STRIKES AGAIN

Somewhere far beyond the edge of the solar system are these rather playful creatures called "comets". Nothing but a ball of ice and dust formed from the beginning of the solar system, they love to fly around in weird orbits into the interior of the solar system. As they approach the sun, they put on a fireworks display for any creatures sentient enough to watch.

Once upon a time, some 65 million years ago, one of these comets was in the process of hurling itself into the center of the solar system. Just for the fun of it, like a skier daring himself to make sharp turns down a dangerously steep downgrade and diving off cliffs, this comet liked to pass as close as possible to planets and even the sun itself. It was a kind of contest the comets played among themselves.

On the time this story takes place, this daredevil comet was quite attracted to the third planet from the solar system. From space, it resembled a beautiful white and blue marble with ever-changing patterns on its face. Since this comet was rather young and foolish, it thought it would be fun to dive right into this planet right smack in the middle of its ocean. Surely, there could be no harm to doing this.

On the way, it got irrevocably caught by the gravity current of this strange and intriguing planet. It had no choice but to plunge right in. It gathered dust and burned quite brightly, making a sheer streak in the bowl of the heavens. The final rush of air was quite exhilarating. As it plunged closer and closer, it saw quite amazing details. What could all these living creatures be down there?

Like a sperm merging with the egg, like a bowling ball knocking over all the pins at once, it made quite an impact on the trembling earth and the future of evolution on the planet.

The huge ball of ice and dust from space hits the planet, shaking it asunder. Massive tidal waves climb out of the ocean, thousands of feet high, washing up hundreds of miles inland, instantly eroding continents away. Great clouds of dust cover the earth and the light of the sun is shielded. Overnight, it becomes very cold. The chill of the outer reaches of space creeps in. The entire planet becomes a giant icebox. The vapors of the clouds turn into solid ice crystals which gleefully fall to embrace the earth. So many crystals with so many variations on infinite patterns of hexagons.

The seaweeds of the ocean die and the armored fish cannot eat. The giant plants wilt for lack of food, and the cold-blooded Great Scaled Dragons keel over, one by one. Their sojourn on the planet is over; they were a foul attempt. Thus, the Universal Artist chose to wipe the canvas and try another approach.

As the Great Scaled Dragons collapse into the earth, beneath tons and tons of sediment from the shifting oceans, their wails of despair can be heard, echoing throughout the volcano walls.

"WHY?" they wail. "WHY?" They simply cannot understand why things cannot simply go hunky-dory forever for such magnificent creatures as themselves.

As we have noted, there are certain warm-blooded little ones that have been waiting for their turn to come upon the stage of life. No more than the merest of mice and rats, they have been scurrying about, waiting their turn on the grand stage of life. For centuries, they have been hiding from the Giants, gazing out from their burrows in terror. They only come out to scavenge whatever they can get their little paws on while the Giant Ones are away or fast asleep. They

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take good care of their young ones, nursing and feeding them to preserve their kind. Although they do not welcome the harsh weather and many of them also die in the process, they are overjoyed that the Giants are gone. No longer do they have to hide! Now they can come out in the light of the day!

Without death, there can be no transformation. Without chaos, there can be no harmony. Without an end, there can be no beginning. The crests between the waves support the peaks.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BIRD-ESSENCE

A certain creature from a long time ago is sitting upon a tree. This is a creature that gazes into the sky with a strange longing. It has very good vision and it can see the wisps of clouds floating by so high. It sees seeds being carried along by currents of wind.

It observes the land dwellers crawling to and fro, bound by the forces of gravity. It likes being up here on the highest branch of the tree, and now it can go no further. It would like to be able to reach up even higher and it has no idea how to do it.

Suddenly a flock of insects with wings buzz by and it manages to nip a few just in the nick of time. Crushing their armored bodies with juicy guts within, it ponders.

Wouldn't it be nice if it could fly? Then it could have chased those insects and gotten even more of them. Then it could go beyond the highest branch. It could soar up and be companions to the thin wispy clouds drifting way up there.

In exuberance, it leaps off the branch and flaps its claws. But it falls and rolls around on the ground. No, there needs to be something more here. If it had wings instead of legs and claws, if it were as light as a seed, and if it had something that could catch the currents of the air, maybe it would be able to do it.

It mates and its babies hatch from eggs. The babies have something that look a little like wings. Upon the wings are feathers. The babies of those babies are jumping from branches and tentatively flying.

The crow soars high above the earth...

Far and wide is its domain...

Its telescopic eyes see a piece of flesh lying on the ground...

It swoops down and nabs it...

Its tummy full, it is carried onwards upwards...

On warm drafts rising along the sides of mountains...

How magnificent are the distant horizons...

It is one with the blueness of the heavens and the clouds!

THE NEW AGE OF WARM-BLOODED LOVE

It is the New Age. The little furry creatures have come out of their tentative burrows, unable to believe the nasty scaled giants are gone (though they will be haunted in their collective memories for millions of years by nightmares). They are cute and cuddly and warm-blooded. Fruits grow on the new forms of trees that have survived the disaster, and the little furry creatures grow in size as they feed on them.

The furry creatures orgiastically and orgasmically insert their seed into one another and become transformed into many different sizes and shapes. Some are relatively peaceful and live in the trees. Some become herds of grazers on the wide plains of grass. A few make their living by killing and eating the plant-eaters. All are continually aggravated by the little six-legged things that bite and suck on their blood.

The warm furry creatures discover one thing the Great Reptiles never could: love. They loved their mates and they loved their offspring and they loved their own kind and they loved those who supported their own kind. Although it was a limited self-centered kind of love, at least they figured it out. Although love was somewhat latent and unconscious in all forms, organic and inorganic prior to them, in these warm furry creatures, it became conscious.

The warm furry creatures had attained a greater degree of consciousness and intelligence. They were able to change their plans, if conditions called for it. The stupid reptiles, on the other hand, could only act with whatever prewired programs they happened to be born with. Their senses became more acute and alive, and they were able to love perceptions that supported them and their kind. Thus, a warm, sunny day with lots of fruit and grain to eat or a female breast-feeding her pups (or enticing her male mate to insert his seed into her) was "beautiful".

Ah, the Cosmic Mind considered. Now we're getting somewhere.

THE LUSTY BARD'S SONG

Oh, how lovely are thy well-rounded breasts! The firmness of thy enticing ass! How juicy is thy delicious, slippery cunt! Seed hurled into the caverns of thy interior! How wondrous thy inviting smile of bliss! Our love is meant forever! Generations upon generations shall emanate from our embrace!

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PLATYPUS, PLATYPUS, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

Oh, how did I get this way? Here I am on the borderline between being some kind of warm-blooded reptile and a true mammal. I lay eggs like a bird, yet I love my children like a mammal. I slither on in this awkward body and feel uncertain of my place in the scheme of things.

And worst of all, I have this stupid duckbill. I must have been designed by an artist with an outrageous sense of humor. Perhaps I am an experiment in surreal juxtaposition of parts from different creatures. Who knows - maybe some ancestor of mine was spawned by a rat, a duck, and a lizard.

Yet I must maintain my existence through this lifetime as best as I can. I am a mad mutant who paves the way to another level of existence. What can I do but survive, running from those who would eat me, seeking other duckbills to mate with, raising my little duckie children, and eating whatever I can?

I sun myself by the water, listening to the frogs croak their love song to one another, watching the plants slowly grow and sprout flowers. I fall asleep, dreaming of monsters fighting in the sunset of another world, dreaming of the dawn of a new era of warm-blooded ones who will create a new world.

Platypus, platypus, where have you been?
Platypus, platypus, what have you seen?
Does your silly duckbill go quack, quack?
Do your silly puppies go ack, ack?
Do you run and slither and quiver?
Can you tell me your dream of flowing on the stream?
Do you croon to your mate under the full moon of June?
Torn betwixt two worlds, you can go neither forward or back.
Will you lay a few eggs to make more of me?
And together we'll float together on a raft to the sea.

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COYOTE MOON

The lone coyote has wandered in the forests for as long as he can remember. His life has been one long story of pain, terror, and exhaustion. He does not feel particularly sorry for himself or about this state of affairs because this is all he has known and all he expects to know. He does, however, vaguely recollect a time of happiness and bliss as a puppy suckling on his momma's tits. His momma was attacked by a troop of saber-toothed tigers one day and was cruelly torn to shreds. From that time on, he was left to fend on his own.

The coyote wanders among huge glistening jungle leaves, constantly looking for whatever he can find to eat. If he is lucky he can find a juicy carcass of a freshly dead beast, maybe a mammoth!, and join the vultures in the feast. He found something like that a few days ago, a mammoth that had tripped and fallen, unable to arise. The poor mammoth was being eaten while alive. But no one had pity. They were too hungry.

He is constantly being eaten alive by bugs. There are bugs everywhere and they never leave him alone. Ants march steadily off giant umbrella leaves, ripping off flesh of all creatures, dead or alive. Nasty bugs hover about him, getting in his eyes, crawling up his ears, popping in his sweaty open jaw, eating his genitals, and climbing into his fur. There are many who suck his blood and make him feel terribly itchy. He must constantly stop and scratch himself. There are patches of raw flesh here and there where he has scratched so much.

There is not much to eat today. As an experiment, he tries eating some big bugs, cockroaches three inches long. They do not chew very easily, so he spits them out in disgust. He does find that lizards sunning themselves on rocks aren't so bad. He'll eat any animal he can get his claws and jaws into.

He takes a dip in a cool pool. That seems to sooth the fiery pain of the bug bites. It relieves the constant heat of the noonday sun. He chases some frogs underwater, but can't seem to catch them on time; he just can't swim as fast as they can. He swims ashore and takes a nap, exhausted by the constant struggle of life. He never rests completely, though. Always he has his ears perked up at every strange sound. Always he keeps sniffing the air for something to eat or something that may eat him.

Suddenly, he hears a low growling purr. It is the breathing of the saber-toothed cats! He leaps to his feet and runs like hell. They keep chasing after him. He runs within the jungle to a secret hiding place in a cave too small for them. He hears them and smells their foul fishy breath coming down the cave. He waits until they get bored and chase something else. God, he hates those cats! He growls in terror.

Tentatively, he comes out and checks to make sure they're not around anymore. He takes a careful sniff of the air. Their scent is faraway now. He smells exotic flowers, birds, all manner of creatures. There is a whole world of colorful smells out there. Some smells make him hungry. Other smells make his heart pound in fear. Suddenly, the wind carries a smell to him that makes him feel very strange. It is a rich musky smell that affects his lower regions. His penis grows long and hard. It must be a female coyote!

He follows the smell, chasing it until it grows in amplification. He finally finds her. She is surrounded by other male coyotes, also with throbbing hard-ons. No! He won't let them have her! He must be the one to have her! He rushes in and growls at the other males. He snaps his teeth and bites at them. Saliva drips from his mouth. He gets into a long involved fight with another male.

Finally, the other male gives in. He lays upon the ground and exposes his neck. In dog

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language, this means: "Okay, okay, already! You win! I didn't really want to fuck her that much anyway!" The other males back off and go back into the jungle. The female in heat looks at him in interest. This could be good material to merge with her own genes for more strong and secure coyotes in the future.

He sniffs at her rear end where that pleasant smell is coming from. Hmmmm, it smells so nice! There is a particular hole there that he finds very appealing. Somehow, it feels like it would be nice to get up on her and stick his throbbing coyote-hood as close to that hole as possible. Lifting her tail high, she sticks her rear up in the air while folding her front legs down on the ground. This helps things considerably. Hopefully, he'll get the idea now.

He puts his tip at the edge of the hole and pushes in. The juiciness of her interior is so wonderful. He slides it in and out, shaking all over in pleasure. A delicious sensation hits him trembling upwards into the pleasure center of his brain from his lower regions and he squeezes genetic material for more coyotes into her. Wow, he didn't know it was possible to feel that good!

Panting, he collapses and lays next to her, licking her all over in gratitude. He has fallen in love with this female, fellow coyote. He wants to stay with her forever! Most of all, he wants more of that blissful sensation he had with her!

Over the next few weeks, they hang out with each other. They find a cave together and move in. She proceeds to make the cave comfortable. They keep rutting, while she gets bigger and heavier.

One day, she lies panting and groaning. He is bewildered, because he cannot understand what is wrong with her. Is she ill? He has seen other animals grow weak and then lay still. Is that what is wrong with her? Her titties get bigger and bigger all the while.

Then little pups one night pop out while she groans and pushes, panting as hard as he does when he is pushing into her. One by one, new little pups come into the world. They are so cute and delicate. They suck on her titties and she lays giving creamy milk to them.

He must take care of her and her pups. It is what feels natural. He cannot leave her alone like this. While she suckles her pups, he goes out hunting and brings back pieces of meat to them. The pups grow bigger and stronger. When they don't need to be suckled anymore, both she and him go out hunting, eating whatever they can find. Then they return home and vomit up what they ate. The puppies eagerly lap it up.

What a happy family they are! After a life of loneliness, he has finally found meaning in his existence. This was what he was meant to do!

One day, they are all scavenging around. Then there is a growling purr surrounding them. They smell the foul breath of saber-toothed ones! They are surrounded. The saber-toothed ones move in for the kill. Only he escapes.

He hears the saber-toothed ones smacking loudly on their bones from afar. Those fucking cats! Just when everything was going great, those cats have to come in and spoil it all. He grits his teeth and growls in rage. He hates those cats. He'd like to chew them to shreds and pull their guts out! He wishes he were big enough to chase them up a tree.

He has lost his beloved mate and his family of pups. All that night, he gazes up at the moon and howls his grief. The animals of the jungle hear and identify with his pain. The coyote is howling the pain of the struggle of life, the maddening growing pains of evolution.

INSTINCT VS. INTELLIGENCE VS. INTUITION

Instinct is a self-organizing principal. It is a kind of unconscious intuition. It does not think about what to do; it simply knows what to do. Instinct is an unconscious connection with the Cosmic Intelligence. It can deal comfortably with the totality of a situation. It expresses itself in immediate action. Instinct rides with the flow, automatically picking out the most useful current to leap onto. It is constant creative improvisation, the way dancers make up the dance as they go along, the way a group of musicians take off on a theme. Humans probably enjoy lovemaking and war so much because they regress to this level that animals and plants normally operate on. It is a way of getting back to their roots.

Intelligence is conscious study of the situation. It takes everything apart into pieces, then takes the pieces apart into more pieces, etc. These pieces are represented by labels, names, words. Eventually, there are infinitesimal pieces within pieces, and at this stage, there is no hope of comprehending the situation as a totality. However, it is useful because it is then possible to revise the situation by putting the pieces back together in a new combination which leads to invention, mastery of the situation. Intelligence cannot grasp the flow, unless it resorts to elaborate equations or a computer which further alienate the observer from the observed. Since evolution and the universe in general is a flowing process, intelligence will never understand what it is all about. This is the level that more evolved humans operate on.

Exasperated with this situation, a new awareness or form of mind develops - intuition. Intuition is a lot like instinct, except it is conscious. When mind becomes aware of its connection and its unity with the Cosmic Intelligence, it spontaneously knows (rather than theorizes) what the whole picture is. One knows everything in the universe without needing to experiment and label things as in intelligence, without automatic reaction as in instinct. It is the source of all truly novel revelations. This is the level of those occasional geniuses, the mutants in our midst.

Undoubtedly, there are levels beyond this, which we as we are cannot possibly grasp. Just to speculate, perhaps it is to be the whole thing. This is the level of the saints and mystics. They see the Source. They <u>are</u> the Source.

There are hybrids of the levels above, ex.: instinctive intelligence, intuitive intelligence, intuitive unity. All borderlines are purely illusory.

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THE MARRIAGE OF PREDATOR AND PREY

The antelope runs and runs from the saber-toothed one. She happened to be grazing a way from the main herd and this nasty cat came upon her with its nasty teeth and claws that tear right through flesh.

The saber-toothed one has been pursuing her for days upon days. The antelope has been running at the top of her speed, about 50 mph across the wide savannah. She has tried to trick him and hide out of the saber's sight, but no luck, the saber would scent her out. She suddenly steps into a pit the saber-toothed one has prepared. She stumbles over head over heels. Oh, no, this can't be happening! An image flashes into her mind of her beloved herd, her mate, her children who she nurtured into adulthood.

Meanwhile her mate has been pursuing the two of them unseen by both. As the saber-toothed one leaps upon her, he jumps between them to distract the nasty cat that is trying to eat his loved one.

The saber-toothed one roars with rage and pursues him. The male antelope leads the saber-toothed one towards a tar pit bubbling unseen beneath fallen leaves, then jumps out of the way just in time as the saber-toothed one in its fury dashes in and is trapped. The saber-toothed one roars in frustration and agony as its paws sink inwards, unable to reach out, unable to strike at the antelope who exults in his demise.

The saber-toothed one in the remaining vestiges of his consciousness roars:

"Why? Why me? How can I, dominator of all animals I see, possibly deserve such a fate as this?"

As he sucks tar into his lungs, the spirit that once was drifts off to be born again as an antelope.

One day, that antelope calmly munching on delicious grains beneath a warm sun is killed by a gang of saber-toothed ones. It runs and runs, but is inevitably caught. Once caught, it yields to its fate, willingly offering its throat in sacrifice, as a female yields to the thrusting of the male.

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THE PLANTS GROW IN CLEVERNESS

There is an intelligence within the plants. While the great reptiles climb over the wide earth with their thundering footsteps echoing off distant volcanoes smoldering and seething, the plants have been making conquests of their own. The ferns grow into huge tropical trees and the mosses slither around the bogs.

Then with the onset of mammals, the plants make a change, too. They turn into grasses and offer themselves as food for the vast herds of herbivores. In turn, the herbivores consume their seed and shit it out upon barren lands to make them fertile. They learn to grow spines so animals will avoid them and they manage to grow in the most arid deserts conserving their waters with thick skin, growing in huge tree-like beings. They learn to make themselves poisonous, so no creature will touch them.

They learn clever ways to spread their seeds: Some seeds are made with sails to be carried along on wind to new lands. Some seeds cling stubbornly to the fur of mammals and the animals do all the work for them. Seeds are shaped like boats to float on streams and rivers to remote shores. Each plant hurls out millions of seeds, praying at least a few of them will find good conditions to grow.

They find new ways to become fertilized. First there are cones and the coned ones are able to survive in extreme temperatures with cruel cold winds. Far to the north they grow, defying the glaciers and deep ice.

Then the plants get a great invention going: flowers. Those plants with flowers produce an uncanny variety of lovely attractors. They make themselves in all kinds of geometrical patterns in all kinds of attracting colors for the animals with color vision. They make themselves smell so sweet.

Animals are attracted to the smell and the honey of these lovely sexual organs. The flying bugs in particular come into a nice relationship with them. The flowers offer honey to bees (who evolved hand-in-hand with these flowers). The bees in return carry sperm-pollen on their legs from male flowers to pollinate female flowers.

Later by making themselves beautiful, they attract sapient ones such as ourselves and make us want to grow them and take care of them. Aren't these flowered ones clever?

Although the plants never grew brains and nervous systems, somehow they know what to do and have learned to do it well. They are well rooted and they will undoubtedly be around long after we are gone.

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LONG CYCLE OF A TREE

A single wedge-shaped maple seed drops down. It whirls around in a kind of dance in the currents of the air. It lands upon a mossy bed. It hides between some rocks, out of sight from the birds and little furry things that might eat it.

It lies there and waits. Something important is supposed to happen, but it has no idea what it is. Within the seed, are two folded up leaves surrounded by plenty of food to eat for awhile.

The leaves of autumn drop on top of it and it waits. The leaves slowly rot and crumble. It is buried under darkness. Nights grow longer and colder. Snows from the north fall and cover it. It hibernates, waiting.

Snows thaw. The days grow longer and warmer. The birds return from the south and there is excited song throughout the forest. Flowers burst in happiness at the return of warmth and bees sip on their sweet nectar.

On the floor of the forest, little saplings shoot up all over. The seed knows that now is the time. It, too, breaks open, exposing its initial leaves to the air. At first, it is like a dual blade of grass, then its main stem becomes woody. It is thrilled with the process of growth.

But then, the foliage from above grows thicker with the onset of summer and the forest floor becomes increasingly dark. There is no more light to consume. The maple child waits and does the best it can, digging its roots increasingly deep for whatever nutrients it can find. The roots encounter rocks and slowly work around them. Or the roots find little cracks in the rocks and dig into the cracks, slowly splitting the rocks in two.

The little tree waits, patiently growing as best as it can. Huge trees, its parents, tower above it.

The big trees above finally reach the limits of their growth. Their roots can not dig any deeper - it is too dark and barren down there. Scavengers munch on the rich juicy leaves. Patches of light shine through to the forest floor and the little tree below catches rays here and there at certain times of the day.

One year, a big tree above is too old to hold itself up anymore. Its wood is rotted within by termites crawling by the thousands. Its trunk is pitted by the constant assault of woodpeckers. There is a violent thunderstorm one night, lightning strikes, and the old tree suddenly topples over to become fertilizer for new trees.

The young tree sees its chance. Now there is lots of light where the old tree once was. It rapidly grows, spreading its branches everywhere to catch the light. Rot from the old tree feeds it.

Years pass. Now it is a huge tree like the ones that once prevented its growth. Birds build nests in its lair and baby birds joyously hatch. It grows flowers, the flowers grow seeds when bees bring them their perfect match. Countless seeds whirl outward to fall everywhere.

The seeds patiently wait. Their turn will come.

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AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO MONKEYS

Two bearded monkeys encounter each other on the savannah. One is a stranger from beyond, the other has lived here all his life. They are both male. The one who has been here has a banana tree all to himself, a harem of submissive females, and a couple of willing male slaves to pick bananas for him. He is the dominant male around here and he isn't going to let anyone forget it.

The male from beyond is the mysterious stranger. He would like to have a banana tree, a harem, and some slaves, too. He swaggers up to the currently dominant male and tries to look tough. He gazes at the old monkey in the eye.

The old monkey takes a shit and throws his shit at him.

The new monkey exposes his rump at him, while smacking his lips loudly, then emits a nice long wad of fresh steaming turds right on his territory, being sure to fart loudly in the process. In monkey language, this means: "Kiss my ass and eat my shit, you old fart!" He makes a sticking finger up his ass gesture at him.

The old monkey suddenly belts out a loud scream. How dare anyone do this to him, he who has been the King of this banana tree for as long as anyone can remember. He keeps screaming.

The younger monkey screams back even more shrilly. He stands up on tiptoes to show he is taller than the old one.

The screams pierce the ears and echo off distant hills miles away. Other animals cringe in terror. Even the saber-toothed ones run and hide.

The rules of the game here are he who can maintain screaming the loudest and longest "wins" the argument. The winner is then King of the Banana Patch.

They do this for about an hour. The new monkey keeps looking at the old monkey in the eye, spitting at his face while screaming.

Finally, the old monkey looks away. His screams become hoarse and he starts coughing in a frenzy.

The new monkey has won. He kicks the old one in the balls, who topples over in humiliation. The old monkey humbly walks away whimpering into the woods where he will join a bunch of other male monkeys without mates.

The new monkey walks in to claim his new territory. A female exposes her red rump at him and he proceeds to hump her while other females pick lice out of his hair. Monkeys bring him bananas, stooping to worship this new king of the tree.

Of course, when his guard is down, another monkey will come in to dominate next. He who dominates always winds up dominated in the end.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST AT WORK

Once upon a time, there existed some interesting spotted antelopes. They were rather small and cute. They would have been nice to have as pets. The spots served as a kind of camouflage against the trees and bushes that were also kind of small at the time. The antelopes were just the right size to nibble on these trees and bushes, and they were perfectly adapted to their world. Happily, they could just go on forever and ever this way.

But that wasn't to be the end of this story. The trees and bushes decided they didn't like being eaten all the time, so they all agreed to start growing bigger and taller. The antelopes did the best they could to catch up with them, but the trees grew taller and taller, so that it wasn't long before the antelopes were looking up at them. And there wasn't anything to eat on the ground because some other creatures that look a little like groundhogs were eating all that.

The antelopes began to grow weak with hunger and many of them got caught by the mean tigers who had no pity for their situation. Many of them were cruelly slaughtered and were dragged away for meat.

A few antelopes attempted to stretch their necks in abnormal ways to eat a few of the lower leaves. By doing this starting at a young age, they did manage to succeed in stretching their necks at least a few inches. This only worked up to a point, but the trees kept growing higher.

It also got drier and the trees started growing further apart. What little grass there was left was eaten by all the grass eaters everywhere. Other animals developed in their ability to climb trees and eat leaves and fruit up there.

What were the antelopes going to do? Well, they certainly couldn't just die out. All they could do is the best they could in sheer desperation. Unconsciously, or not so unconsciously, they prayed for survival. They did not know who or what would save them, but they had faith that something would come up.

Within the gonads of the male and female antelopes, the twisted strands of RNA and DNA were well aware of what was happening here. A new design was called for here. Since they were running creatures, and it was their nature to run, it would be a bit too much to make them climbing creatures. Or flying creatures. Or, God forbid, burrowing creatures! As more antelope died out, this was definitely an urgent situation that called for drastic measures. At their wit's end, the Mind of the Universe within them, suggested a solution. Yes, this would be merely a minor adjustment!

One day, an antelope was born with an unusually long neck, about a foot longer than usual. He was able to at least reach a few lower leaves on some of the shorter bushes. When he grew up, the females somehow found him very attractive, because maybe their babies would be like that, too. He mounted several of them.

Sure enough, a few of the babies had longer than usual necks. And they mated together, and more of them were born. Meanwhile, the shorter necked ones either died or migrated to more favorable habitats where trees were not so high.

Somehow the urge to grow longer necks got transmitted to their genes that told the genes to make a growth hormone that would allow more cells to divide in the neck region in an elongated fashion. It was really just a simple redistribution of the growth hormone controlled by a gland in the brain. It was like reprogramming a computer on a few lines, piece of cake.

In the same way, their legs got a lot longer, too. That took care of the tigers, too, for now they couldn't reach up to them and all they had to do was give them a good kick.

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And thus the giraffes evolved and have lived happily ever after in harmony with their current environment ever since.

THE PARABLE OF THE LONG BILLED FREAK

A little chick is so blissfully contained in his satisfying cocoon of yolk, slurping on that nice slimy stuff all around him. Ah, this is the life - he could just remain immersed in here forever. He sighs, rolls over and takes a long nap, while his frog legs turn into wings.

Suddenly, he wakes up as if from a deep dark nightmare he can't quite remember. His mouth is dry. Something is missing. He tries to take a slurp of yolk, but it is all gone! What can he do? There must be something more to eat somewhere around here. The darkness surrounding him, once comforting in a long past paradise, becomes terrifying to him. He must get out of here!

He explores and encounters a wall. Beyond the wall, he hears sounds of other birds cheeping and peeping. He feels movements of feet scraping the other side of the wall. Perhaps if he can break down the wall, they will help him. He pecks and pecks with his beak. No one taught him to do this. Somehow he knows that this is the way to do it.

Cracks form in the wall and bewildering rays of light come shining through. He has found freedom from the maddening shell, and the freedom is both exhilarating and terrifying. All wet and bleary eyed, he sees his brothers and sisters in the nest. They are in the same dilemma as he is. He joins in with them with their mournful cheeping and peeping which their mother cannot ignore. "Feed me, feed me," they all say. "Feed us for we are in a strange world out here and we don't know what to do." Their momma obligingly brings worms and bugs to nurture their existence. She just knows this is what she is supposed to do.

Most of them have rather short beaks for pecking at insects on the barks of trees. But this latest and last one is somewhat odd in appearance. He has a very long beak, like a thin needle, which makes him stand out so much, the mother is not sure whether he belongs with the rest. She looks dubiously at him, turning her head one way, then the other. She is trying to make a decision. Should she take care of him or push him out the nest as a defect? Unable to come to a conclusion, she feeds him worms and bugs with the rest.

As he grows up, he finds himself somewhat of an outcast from the rest of the bunch. The other growing chicks prefer not to hang out with him because he is so, well, odd looking. Their reaction is like us giving wide berth to the man with no arms and legs begging for spare change on the sidewalk. He comes to feel very rejected. The mother does not pay very much attention to him, and always feeds the others first. At night, she refuses to sit on him with the others to keep them warm. He has to sleep abandoned and cold.

When the chicks are big enough, Momma Bird shows them how to gather food for themselves. Of course, they first have to master the art of flying. One by one, she nudges them off the edge of the nest into the freakifying depths below. Although they have seen her do it, they are all literally scared shitless, bird droppings falling unpleasantly on the face of a muskrat below. But, ah, how wonderful the feeling of freedom when they flap their wings to break the fall and spontaneously learn to fly. However, Momma Bird doesn't do anything to encourage the odd beaked one. He has to make the jump himself.

When they land on the ground, the other chicks quickly catch on to what momma is doing, picking worms and insects off the bark, but somewhat this long billed one finds their actions very awkward with the sort of beak he has. His beak is in the way, out of proportion to the rest of his body, and he can't make the same motions as they do. Consequently, he is hungrier than the rest.

After this, Momma Bird abdicates all responsibility for them. In bird language, she

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makes a sort of graduation speech to them which could be roughly translated as: "Okay, dearies, you're all on your own now. Good luck in the cold cruel world of evolutionary struggle. Maybe you'll make it. Maybe you won't. Hope you manage to find mates and keep our kind of birds propagating. And I'm not going to tell you how to do that. You'll just have to figure it out for yourselves." And, with that, she flies away to retire in a tropical condominium in the Bahamas, and they never see her again.

The mating time comes and all the male birds croon their song to the females to come mate with them. It goes: "Cheep cheep cheep!", always an accent on the third cheep which goes a fifth above the first two. This can be roughly translated as: "Fuck me! Fuck me! O please fuck with me!" It is their own unique species song, so none of the other birds of other species will get paired up the wrong way, though this happens sometimes. Some males belt it out like rap singers. Others sing holding each note long and gushingly like a grand opera singer. The females listen and carefully decide whom to pick. The song are like the personal ads of the forest. Then they get together and the male proceeds to do the species dance, cheeping and fly dancing around her in unison.

Tentatively because he is so lonely, he sings the species song, too. Because he has been so rejected all his life, it comes out very weak and quite out of tune. In bird language, it sort of comes out sounding: "I know you're not going to fuck with me, but I thought I'd cheep anyway." Even if some female bird, unable to find anyone better, comes to his call, she sees that ghastly long bill, goes "yuck!" in bird language, and flies away in a hurry. She'd rather go barren than mate with a freak like that!

And he weeps, and cheeps in bird language: "What am I to do? I am hungry all the time and no one wants to be near me or mate with me when I call the tribal song. I must be some kind of mutant! There is no place for me in this world!" He considers the possibility of drowning in a pond in despair. Perhaps it would be like being back in an egg again, surrounded by all that mucky oily water.

A season has come when no one in his bird tribe is having much luck finding any insects. It seems the insects have figured out a way to hide deeply in the crevasses of the wood by chewing holes in the rotting wood. After all, the insects have to make a living, too, and they were getting rather tired of this business of being eaten alive by birds. Many birds begin to starve and not a few die to rejoin their remains with the rotten earth.

The long-billed bird sees all this and gets an idea. This kind of idea had never come to a bird before, and who knows where it came from? From the void within his little bird brain, he does a simple projection analysis and out cranks the inspiration. He has a very long thin bill, right? The insects are hidden deep within the holes, right? So maybe there's a way to put these two together and find a new combination.

He tries this out to see if the experiment will work. He simply sticks his bill into one of the holes. To his pleasant surprise, he finds it quite easy to assuage his hunger that way. So there is a use for that long bill after all!

The other birds look at him in envy. After his own hunger is satiated, he notes them and digs out some insects for them and gives them to them. After all, due to a genetic bond, he can't refuse to share his discovery with his own bird tribe. And no longer do they reject him.

He becomes the top bird in the tribe. They gather around him and practically worship him as the savior of the flock. He has performed a miracle on par with the turning of stones into bread. Females become interested in him and offer him their bodies in exchange for food. He accumulates quite a harem.

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Many baby chicks has he, and several of them have long bills, too. From him, they learn to dig into the wood with their bills, and even come up with an improvement in technique - they learn to peck at rotted wood very rapidly, actually drilling holes to get at the termites imbedded there. This is certainly better than being dependent on pre-existing holes. As the generations of these long billed ones mate, they become a new tribe. Their muscles improve for more forceful hammering, they develop new feet for clinging to the sides of trees, and they make a slight modification in their species song: "Peep peep peep peep!"

And, to this day, you can hear and see their rattling jackhammering away at rotted logs. Once freaks, these long billed woodpeckers have found their niche in the evolutionary scheme.

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SURVIVAL OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL

The great peacock has the pick of the flock of hens. He wears such eye-catching colors in his tail that shines resplendently in the light of the sun when he shows it off. It makes the females titter and they are eager to mate with someone who is so beautiful. In his neighborhood, he is all the rage, and the other males desperately try to keep up with the ongoing fashion so they can get laid, too.

The cheetah sneers and creeps up on him. What a stupid looking bird, he thinks. It can't run very fast because of that ridiculous tail that certainly does nothing to help it fly. He pounces upon the bird and digs his teeth deeply in his neck, dragging the corpse away to feed his female and her kittens.

This doesn't stop the peacocks. The ladies are so turned on by the colorful hues of the eyes peeking out of the tails, the males are determined to get into the spotlight. So what if a few of them are easy targets for nasty predators? If they can get laid a few times and have lots of chicks, that certainly makes their short lives worthwhile, doesn't it?

This doesn't say much for the "survival of the fittest" theory, does it? If the females were interested in those males who can survive the best, why would they go for such a thing? It seems to be saying that nature is seeking survival of the most beautiful. It is the Cosmic Artist at work.

If nature were only seeking survival of the fittest, there is no particular reason that life-forms would be so geometrically symmetrical (and beautiful), although you could probably argue that it serves survival better. It's probably easier to run faster on just two legs or four, than three or five. Things would simply evolve in a random chaotic manner. Instead, things seem to arrange themselves in certain coherent patterns.

Look deep into the heart of an intricate flower sometime. Gaze into the center and simply contemplate it, removing all thoughts from your mind. If you do this long enough and intently enough, you will understand the Purpose of the Universe.

Why would supposedly "dumb" matter evolve in such a way that it would have any desire to survive and reproduce at all? The fact that it does is simply taken for granted, like the law of gravity. What is the purpose behind it all? Why would something supposedly without purpose act in such a purposeful way? And if survival were all we are interested in and the whole reason for our existence, why would anyone bother to ask questions like this?

Why would anyone bother to write a book like this? Why would anyone read it?

THE INVENTION OF SOULS

The Cosmic Mind has decided that it would be interesting to have souls. Souls would drift from body to body, continuously being born again.

To add a little spice to the equation, the Cosmic Mind has made a new rule: Whatever something is in one form of existence, it has to be the opposite in the next form of existence. Thus, what is male in one lifetime must be female in another lifetime. The devourer in one lifetime must be the devoured in the next. The exploiter in one lifetime must be the exploited in the next.

After all, it only seems logical to balance things out. In this way, the Cosmic Mind hoped that the various souls would see things from as many different perspectives as possible. Perhaps this would speed up the process of evolution a little more quickly than before.

Besides, it's more fun that way.

Actually, the souls were implicit from the very beginning of things with the very first flicker of matter-energy from the Void of No-Thing. But back in those days, souls were somewhat vague amorphous beings, like the first sparks of a fire. Now you see them; now you don't.

As forms of matter gradually became more conscious, the souls developed accordingly. After all, the souls <u>are</u> consciousness itself.

Then when life came on the scene, souls became what you could call the "archetypes" from which different species arose. There were more like souls of a species than souls of an individual at this stage. When a species died out, the soul of that species went on to occupy the species which would evolve afterwards from that species.

There were also larger souls of a particular genre of life. For example, the vertebrates have one kind of soul and the invertebrates have another. The plants have a kind of soul entirely different from animals.

These souls have a lot to do with directing the process of evolution. While DNA/RNA merely directs the chemical makeup of the protein, it is the souls which direct the growth and shape of the proteins - and ultimately the species which differentiates from the initial fertilized egg.

As forms of life became more evolved and more individualized in their consciousness, souls became more individualized accordingly. We could say the souls develop more of a "personality". This becomes more apparent when the intelligent mammals come along, and especially so in those sentient (self-knowing) primates called "humans".

About at this stage, the individualized souls develop what we could call "reincarnation". (It is important to note that it is not the personality which survives physical death, but the soul-essence.) The soul then goes from body to body to have different experiences - until it is utterly sick and tired of it - and ready to merge back into the Source.

Finally, there is the Ultimate Soul of the Universe - the all-pervading Consciousness of All. It is called many names by many traditions and cultures: "God", "All-ah", "Para-Atman", "Tao", "Great Spirit", among others. They all refer to the same One.

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OH, WHERE OH WHERE DOES THIS END?

Does evolution ever end? Has it ended now with us? Does it go neatly from stage to stage, as though set to a Master Plan, to culminate in some hypothetical perfect being? There are still single celled ones floating around in the ocean. There are still fish chasing one another until someone gets eaten. Reptiles and salamanders and worms continue to crawl and slither in the forests. The plants have no urge to get up and walk on their own roots. Are they ever going to evolve from where they are? Or are they perfectly satisfied? Perhaps they have found their own niche and have adapted perfectly to it.

For example, the cockroaches certainly aren't very different now from what they were hundreds of millions of years ago. Happily, they raid our garbage and our pantries. Stinky bacteria continue to reside in the innermost recesses of our bowels, gladly contributing to the sulfurous smelliness of our farts, echoes of the volcanic ocean vents they had for a home billions of years ago.

It is only natural for humans to believe that the whole world was made exclusively for us, that the world was made by some god or goddess resembling our kind. It stands to reason that we would believe that the closer life evolves to our own kind, the more evolved it is. We certainly find it easier to identify with intelligent monkeys than with some scavenging crustacean. How easy it was for our ancestors to believe this world was created by some big Man in the Sky.

It could have happened another way, though. Perhaps our ancient jungle enemies, the tigers, could have learned to stand on two feet and used their front paws to handle things. They would have developed bigger brains and learned to think. Upon acquiring this capacity and having solved their immediate survival needs, perhaps raising monkeys in herds for food, or keeping monkeys as pets feeding them the entrails of their kill, they would have set about the business of trying to figure out what it all means.

Their immediate conclusion probably would have been some big Cat in the Sky created them and the whole world was created for their benefit alone. It would only be proper for them to conquer the world and eat all the meat from the creatures generously provided. They would believe the felines are the most evolved creatures in the universe and evolution has ceased with them. The idea of intelligent monkeys would be science fiction for them.

It seems that once a species has found its niche, it tends to remain there. The only reason it would go beyond that niche is if conditions drastically change - or if some mutant comes along who has this inexplicable desire to try something new.

Such mutants are inevitable. The Mind of the Universe has programmed it that way to create variety, for the same old thing gets eventually boring. However, it's also interesting to leave the old forms around to create a contrast to the new forms.

Also, evolution will never end. We, and all creatures, are going to evolve further, whether we like it or not.

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SAFE VS. RISKY ADAPTATIONS

Okay, here we go with another essay. Sit tightly in your seats, my little sapient monkeys, and try not to get too restless. Just restrain your reproductive urges for a second and please refrain from writing dirty words on the desk. And, George, please stop pulling Mary's hair into the inkwell. This may be very important as a way to look at your very style of living.

Upon going over the process of evolution, we see something very interesting. There are creatures who choose not to evolve and pretty much remain the way they were billions of years ago with only slight modifications. Then there are the creatures who branch out and try to do something either a little or radically different.

To try something different is dangerous. Why evolve when the way you've been doing things pretty much has been working? Yet the worms developed spinal cords and became fish. The fish chose to crawl out on the land, quite a risky thing for a fish to do. Reptiles became warm-blooded to move into more temperate climes. Monkeys developed bigger brains that we still haven't quite figured out how to use. And I won't go into the risky things humans have invented - guns, cars, airplanes, knives, bombs, nuclear power, population explosion. Perhaps the Cosmic Intelligence has programmed this desire for risk within us, which we can either repress or express.

A risky adaptation is a little like saving up money while working at a rather ho-hum job and investing it to start a business of your own that excites you more. New businesses can always and often do fail. But there is always that small chance that it will succeed beyond your wildest dreams. And, if it does, everybody else will try to start the same kind of business.

The safe adaptation is like just staying in your ho-hum job that bores the hell out of you, but what the heck, it's safe, there's a guaranteed raise, there's a good retirement policy, etc. The majority of creatures play it safe and stay where they are.

But, in the risk, there is a certain freedom of trying something new, such as the first bird that discovered the kick of flying or the first monkey that discovered how to make tools. Security is playing it safe, but it is also a kind of prison.

Risk is chaotic. It is going beyond the boundaries of what was before. Playing it safe is orderly, keeping the order going.

(A student gets up and casually walks out of the class. He declares that he has had enough of sitting through years of school and listening to lectures. Frankly, listening to all this stuff about evolution and some hypothetical Cosmic Intelligence is the most boring garbage he has ever heard. He is going to find his own truth and start his own school.)

As we move up different levels of evolution, we see something very interesting happening: There is a definite increase in autonomy. This could also be called will-power.

Inorganic matter such as atoms, planets, stars, etc. have very little autonomy. They simply go along the line of least resistance, following relatively simple laws of physics. Although these laws start out as what we may call "contracts", they become increasingly rigid, and inorganic matter "agrees" to abide by them, only "disobeying" them in rather unusual situations such as intense thermonuclear heat (such as the interior of stars) or overwhelming gravity (such as black holes).

The initial lifeforms tend to go along more or less with this construct, but they gradually acquire the ability to do neat things such as defy the law of gravity, as in swimming and moving about. Or they can maintain rather complex chemistry that ordinarily would simply peter out. Or they can manufacture more of themselves, which ordinary matter simply does not do.

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As these lifeforms develop increasingly sophisticated sensory apparatus, they are able to form perceptions of the world around them, whereas ordinary matter is dumb, deaf, blind, numb, etc. With such apparatus, they are able to make judgments about what would maintain their existence and what would not. Based on such judgments, they can either move towards something they find pleasurable and life-maintaining, and away from something they find painful and life-threatening.

As they invade environments that are increasingly challenging to maintain their existence in, such as from water into land on this planet, they become more intelligent. This intelligence is necessary to develop special life habits, i.e., instincts, to further their evolution.

With such increasing intelligence, comes increasing consciousness and awareness - and a dramatic increase in autonomy. They arrive at a point where they are actually able to change the environment around them, rather than simply react to the environment. They can actually create artificial environments and ecosystems. A good example would be humans creating houses to keep them warm in the winter or farms to produce food.

They become able to create mechanisms that enable them to defy laws of physics to an extent inconceivable to other lifeforms. They can fly across the continent in a few hours in a jet or go to other planets in rockets. They can manufacture their own energy. They can build their own mind-machines (computers).

However, even such sapient beings as ourselves, are still stuck in old ways. For example, we still are bound by our territorial instincts which are the cause of so many wars. We are still bound by our sexual instincts and old-fashioned jealousy, the cause of so much pain and conflict in our personal lives. We are still driven by an obsessive desire to be the top monkey in the band. Because of such bindings, we are often unable to cooperate in a clear-headed, rational way. We are schizoid, divided against ourselves.

Who knows what we have yet to evolve into. The more true free will we have, the further we can go. The more we can transcend our habitual patterns, the freer we are. This is the message of evolution.

Someday, we will be free of all laws whatsoever.

THE EVOLUTION OF SAPIENCE: A LITTLE ANCIENT HISTORY

SEED OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

A monkey is leaping from tree to tree. What a thrill it is to be able to grasp branches with its paws and go flying off into the air, defying gravity itself! It is almost like being the feathered ones who circle in the air so high.

The fruit are so delicious today. Their colors stand out so brilliantly in the shining sun! There are so many of them growing this year and all the monkey has to do is reach out and grab them. What a yummy meal! This is paradise itself!

There is a mean old saber-toothed one down below. The monkey laughs with derision and throws rotten old fruit down at it. The entire tribe of monkeys throw sticks and stones at the nasty cat until it goes away. What power we have, thinks the monkey.

A female monkey in the mood lifts her bright red buttocks at him inviting him to enter her from behind. The monkey willingly obliges and they participate with many screeches of joy.

Afterwards, gazing at a setting sun, the monkey has a pre-bedtime snack of more fruit. There are also yummy nuts within the fruit and they taste so good.

The monkey suddenly pauses and thinks:

"What do I do this for? Why am I a monkey and not something else? What am I doing here? Did some big monkey make us all and put us here for some reason? Is this the whole purpose of our existence, to eat, to fuck, to elude pursuers?"

Of course, it didn't think these thoughts in words like that. It was more like a flash of a passing daydream in vague images.

The flash zips by in an instant. The monkey gazes at the colors of the sunset, then curls up in some branches and drifts off to sleep, having the dreams that monkeys do.

THE MONKEYS GET A LITTLE SMARTER

The weather grows dryer. The trees become more sparse. Vast savannahs stretch out as far as the eye can see. Great herds of antelopes munch on juicy grasses, while teams of lions pursue them.

Meanwhile, the monkeys have come down from the trees and stand on their own two feet. Their vision has become improved and their eyes bulge out of their heads. Their heads have become bigger to accommodate the ever-growing brains within.

They have become a bit smarter now. They can foresee the best times to forage around when the lions are not likely to be around. They can recognize the tracks of various animals.

And they can play with sticks and stones. Their hands have become increasingly dexterous and they can handle them in various ways. They have fun picking them up and pointing at one another, screeching in joy at their power.

Oh, what power these sticks and stones give them! They can pick up sticks and poke them down the nests of termites and ants, then lick a meal off them, the original shish kebobs. They can throw stones around in a playful manner, playing catch with them, making a game to see who can catch the best. They find they can direct their throws in such a way that it hurts their predators, even killing them if they throw them the right way at the heads right between the eyes. They pile up stones as a weapons arsenal.

They find they can make stones do the same thing claws can do; by chipping at them the right way, they can make them cut through the skins of their dead predators and eat their meat. They screech loudly in joy; now they are the predators! They can even make sticks with pointed tips and throw them at the antelopes. Some smart monkey figures the sharp stones can cut wood. And the stones can be mounted on sticks to make crude axes. Now they can become predators.

Now the great cats and dogs hesitate to attack them. They are not sure what to make of these monkeys and their dangerous stones and sticks.

How smart these monkeys are! Discovery after discovery they make; and there is no end. One day, after lightening has set a tree on fire, rather than run away, they crawl closer out of curiosity. One monkey boldly picks up a stick and sets it afire, then finds that fire can set other sticks on fire, making a pile of them by throwing them on top of each other. Fascinated, the tribe of monkeys gather around the blazing bonfire. One monkey brings some raw meat over and tries roasting it; it tastes so much better that way! It is so much easier to eat that way! The fire keeps them warm, and they hang around it preserving it.

Later, a monkey finds that by striking rocks together, it makes sparks. The sparks remind it of lightening. It tries an experiment. It brings some sticks together and keeps striking the sparks over them. Eventually they smolder and catch on fire! The monkey bares its teeth in joy.

Now the monkeys don't have to migrate when the great snows of the north chase them towards the south. They can just huddle around their fire to keep warm.

It has been a long day of foraging and picking at termites with sticks in the ground for the chimps. Though these are not quite chimps, they are something else, they are not sure what. Their brains are somewhat larger than the usual ape. They have less hair on their faces. Their brows are unusually high. They stand up somewhat straighter.

The sun is about to set on the savannah. A chimp climbs up to a high ridge to watch it. It does not understand why it likes to watch it. Perhaps with its advanced color vision, it likes the

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multiple shades of pink, purple, red, blue.

Its colleagues, members of its band, see it and come join it. They grin at one another in acknowledgment of one another's presence. They are very sociable creatures and like to keep each other company. They huddle close and rub their arms over one another's shoulders, picking lice accumulated during the day. Picking lice is how they show their affection and assure one another they are cooperative.

They all gaze at the setting sun in awe. The colors are incredible this evening. But it makes them a bit sad. The day is over, and although the sun always comes back, they wonder if one day it will sink and never return. The night, with the dangerous tigers and wolves and other predators, is beginning.

They look at one another with tears in their eyes. Then one chimp utters a long sound in a kind of hum. The other chimps join in unison. Like the birds singing their farewell song to the day, they all hum together on the same note.

They do this until the light of the sun departs westward and the stars come out.

On their way back to the tribal camp, one chimp looks up at the vastness of the galaxy above. For some reason, this makes him feel terribly lonely and he shrieks in terror. For that brief instant, he had seen into the bottomless pit of the Void, he had experienced the primal fear of the first particle of something appearing out of No-Thing.

His companions do not quite understand what is bothering him, but they empathize with his fear, and for this reason, they comfort him as best as they can.

THE BIRTH OF EGO

A certain monkey wanders about. It is confused about its existence. Colors seem brighter to it; sounds seem more intense. One day, it is drinking from a pool of water. On the still water, it sees another monkey drinking water, too.

"Stop doing that!" it screeches. "Stop imitating me, you dumb monkey!"

It attacks the still water and the other monkey fades away in dappled ripples.

When the water becomes still again, the other monkey comes back into existence, gazing upwards in awe.

The monkey wonders what the hell is going on. Why is there another monkey in the water?

It decides to try an experiment. It moves its hand. The other monkey also moves its hand. It lifts its foot. The other monkey also lifts its foot. It bares its teeth. The other monkey also bares its teeth.

The monkey is very baffled. Is there another monkey in there just like it? Is this a monkey in some other world on the surface of the water? Something is clicking and grinding around in its oversized brain.

Like a bolt of lightening, the answer comes to it. That other monkey is it!

"That is me! I am me! I am me and I am a monkey!"

This discovery seems very significant to it. The monkey goes over and tries to convey this discovery to the other monkeys by getting them to come over to the water and pointing excitedly at their reflections in the water. However, all they see is nothing but water, and they don't know what the big deal is. Their high brows wrinkle in confusion. Lobes in their forebrains become convoluted as they attempt to comprehend what the monkey is trying to show them. Is there a big fish down there that might be good to eat?

Nevertheless, they figure that the monkey must have seen something important and they revere him as the Monkey Who Can See into the Depths of the Waters. This monkey was one of the original shamans, philosophers, mystics.

The Cosmic Mind nods in approval. NOW we're getting somewhere!

You see, the way this whole thing is set up is originally there is completeness and there is no need for a universe. Then a sense of incompleteness gives birth to the universe and all its myriad forms. Once completeness is yet again achieved, there is no universe again, until incompleteness creates the need for another one.

FROM A DESIRE, ARISES A REALITY

Originally, I desired to be me. From the Void of No-Thing, I arose. I desired to have form, so I became a particle. I desired to become an atom, so I became that. I wanted company, so I created that. I wanted to spread across the universe, so I blew myself asunder. I wanted to shine, so I became a star. As a star, I wanted company, so I created planets. I wanted form on the planet, so I became a rock. I wanted to be beautiful, so I became a crystal. I wanted to be something alive, so I became an organic molecule. I wanted to reproduce myself, so I split in two. I wanted to become self-contained, so I became a cell. I wanted to grow and bask in sunlight, so I became a plant. I was hungry, so I became an animal. I wanted to be something larger, so I became a colony of cells. I wanted to swim, so I grew fins. I wanted to walk, so I grew feet. I wanted to fly, so I grew wings. I wanted to be free of water, so I walked upon dry land. I wanted to be self-temperate, so I became warm-blooded and grew fur. I wanted to bear my young within me, so I developed a womb. I wanted to grab things, so I came to have hands. I wanted to understand, so I grew a bigger brain. I wanted to be free of the environment, so I built a shelter. I wanted civilization, so I built buildings towards the sky. I wanted to become free of territorial impulses, so I stopped having wars. I wanted plenty for all, so I arranged that. I wanted to know the universe, so I sought knowledge of all. Always, I seek to become more than I am.

Now I just want to be me again.

A PARABLE OF THE ORIGIN OF HUMANS

Let us have a brief interlude and tell a story. It is a story which took place in a distant time when there was no time. It is a time before the storytellers had stories to tell.

There were two worlds, or to be more accurate, two basic dimensions of existence, with a third poorly defined dimension in-between.

On one world, the higher dimension, lay the realm of the angels. This world is Heaven. The angels are continuously happy and love to sing heavenly music and create heavenly things.

On the lower world or dimension lay the realm of the demons. This world is Hell. The demons are always very miserable and because they are so miserable they always take it out on one another and torture each other and make life as miserable as they possibly can. They grunt and growl and spit and sputter.

The demons and the angels do not ordinarily have very much to do with one another. They tend to keep out of one another's way. They simply don't understand each other. The angels don't understand why the demons are so miserable all the time and the demons cannot understand why the angels are so goddamned happy all the time.

Once upon a time, there was an angel who was a bit bored with being so happy and harmonious. She wondered if there were other states to be in. She just didn't feel in tune and wanted some kind of adventure. There just wasn't any in Heaven.

At the same time, there was a demon who was sick and tired of being miserable all the time. He didn't really like hanging out with his fellow demons and wondered if there were higher dimensions. Sometimes he could hear beautiful music wafting down from Heaven above and found it terribly intriguing.

So the two of them decided to travel to the poorly formed dimension in between and wandered far and wide in search of a kindred spirit. This dimension has the qualities of Heaven and also the qualities of Hell. Sometimes it is more Heavenly than Hellish - and other times it is more Hellish than Heavenly. This level is Earth. At the time of this story, it was still in a state of construction. The Cosmic Mind was trying to figure out what to do with it.

The angel went to Earth and so did the demon. They really stood out among the Earthlings. The creatures there thought they were pretty weird.

Of course, they eventually bumped into one another and exclaimed:

"You're an angel! What the hell are you doing here?"

"Oh, you're a nasty demon! Wholy Holy!, What in tarnation are you doing here?"

And they decided to join one another in their search for something different from what they had known before. Hand in hand, they communed and told one another stories of Heaven and Hell. The angel was shocked, but fascinated. The demon was inspired to try something else out besides being miserable all the time.

Their fellow angels and demons discouraged this kind of interaction. They were derided for their companionship, yet they persisted.

They began to court one another. The angel was repelled but drawn to him at the same time. Sometimes the demon got bored with all her talk of perfection, but carried on. The demon taught her about lust and longing and desire. The angel taught him about beauty and harmony and contentment. It was an uneasy relationship and they often had bitter disputes. Often they would return to their respective spheres in fury and exasperation, swearing they would never see one another again. And yet, in tears and longing, they would return to one another again in soul-full reconciliation.

Finally, they mated. The angel found, once she was released from her hesitations, she could not get enough of his skill in demonic lovemaking. The demon could not get enough of her loving and happiness and loved to hear her heavenly music. They swore to be with one another forever and set out to build a new home in the half-formed world between Heaven and Hell.

And from their mating, they had a child. This child was a very weird creature, having both the qualities of a demon and an angel.

It was this child who was the ancestor of the entire human race.

A RACE OF PRIMAL HUMANS

Now the monkeys are standing more upright. Their heads are larger; their faces are flatter; their gaze is more level. They have lost a lot of their fur and they have learned to wear furs from animals they have killed with their spears. When snows come blowing in from the north, they have nothing to fear; they can just huddle around their blazing fires in caves and shelters built from skins. They sing songs with their highly developed larynxes. Their tongues and teeth become shaped so they can make complex sounds which stand for the various objects around them.

"Ummm...", says the monkey searching for a new word. The monkey points at the fire. "Fire..." The monkey wraps arms around his chest. "Warm", he says. He grins: "Good". "Fire... Fire Warm... Fire Good!... Fire Warm Good!"

And they find they have great power with this ability. They can point to an animal and give it a sound. They can point to the sky and give it a sound that means its color. They can indicate themselves and give sounds to themselves. They learn that even when the thing that the sound stands for is not actually present, when they make that sound it is almost as though it is there. They can even make sounds for the strange objects they see in their sleep.

Now they are able to talk. They can tell one another about successful hunts they have been on, about useful discoveries they have made. They can communicate their feelings, so that one can understand the other. No longer do they have to rely on body language alone (though they still save this for more intimate moments). The sounds can do it for them.

Not only that, they find they can draw pictures in the dirt or paint on the walls of caves with the blood of animals or the juices of plants. At first, they draw crude diagrams of animals, plants, themselves. Later, they attempt to draw pictures of the strange things they see in their heads. What power this gives them! It is as though they were creating their own versions of reality.

One of them who they consider a bit odd lives by himself in a shelter apart from the rest of the tribe. He draws a line around his shelter. He challenges anyone who steps across this line. They laugh and humor him about this lunacy. How crazy to pretend there is a line when there obviously are no lines dividing things!

It is from mutants such as this that the fall from the Garden of Eden begins.

FROM THE BRAINS ARISE IDEAS

Undoubtedly, you recognize these peculiar creatures: These are the humans, albeit a rather half-baked variety. The humans have developed a kind of self-consciousness (as opposed to Self-Consciousness, which we'll get to later). They are able to stand up on their own two feet, able to grasp and make tools and weapons with their own two hands, and able to gibber out words with their own mouths. Finally, they are able to think and imagine things with their own over-sized brains.

The interesting thing about these brains is they are much larger than they really need in order to do all these things. Like infants starting to crawl around, they are only beginning to put these brains to the full use the Cosmic Mind ultimately has intended for them. But we'll let them find out about that until later. But let us say that the humans as they are now, although quite smart compared with other animals, are actually quite stupid compared with the way they will be.

At this stage, it is no longer necessary to evolve by genetic mutation alone; the humans have developed the ability to evolve by getting ideas for increasingly elaborate inventions. Then once they get these ideas, they are able to pass them on to the next generations to carry on with them and make further elaborations on them. Mutation is now in the realm of ideas, i.e., blueprints for new inventions.

However, their stupidity will lie in the fact that they will initially oppose every new idea that one of them comes up with. They will laugh at the one who has the new idea, possibly even persecute the one with the new idea for daring to go against the status quo. You see, once they have things set up a certain way, it is difficult for them to conceive of things being any different. In this sense, they are not very different than the apes they have evolved from, who are extremely territorial. Unfortunately, this territorial tendency extends to the realm of ideas.

What usually happens is a few of them try out the new idea out of curiosity, then more try it out. They realize it was not such a bad idea after all, and they revere the progenitor of the new idea long after his or her passing away.

Of course, not all the new ideas are necessarily good ones. Many of the new ideas, initially exciting, turn out to be quite bad ones with unforeseen consequences. For example, when they use certain ideas to promote their strongly inbuilt sense of territory, many of these ideas turn out to be quite disastrous indeed.

THE POSSESSOR IS POSSESSED

The man who had drawn a line around his shelter was quite bitter about the rest of the tribe laughing at him. He was determined to make them take him more seriously. Often, they would take a single step across his line just to jest him, and he did not like this at all. Could they not see that this was his line, that this line denoted what was his property?

One day, he was sharpening his spear to go out on a hunt by himself. Some of the other tribespeople, giggling, stepped across his line, making silly faces at him. He was enraged. He wasn't going to take this anymore.

He suddenly had an idea. If these spears could kill the lions and antelope and other wild creatures of the savannah, why could they not kill his own kind over there who refused to take his territory seriously? A malevolent grin crossed his face.

He leaped up and hurled the spear into the breast of one of the giggling people, delighting in the blood that gushed out. There, that would put a stop to this nonsense once and for all.

The people of the tribe all stopped what they were doing and gazed at the dead tribesperson in shock. They all looked at one another in horror. How could he do such a thing? How could someone even conceive of killing his fellow man?

He picked up another spear and pointed at them all, ready to throw it at anyone who dared to defy him.

"From this time on, all of you will do what I say. This land is my land! Now I will draw a line around all of you, and you must do what I tell you. Anyone who dares to defy me, I will kill!

You will bring me food when I ask for it. I will have access to all women among you, and all who are born of those women will serve me. All men among you will defend me and serve my will."

"No, no," screamed a man, "you will not have my mate. I will not let you have my mate!" The mad tyrant hurled another spear into his gut, silencing him at once.

Humbly, every one in the tribe obeyed his rule. There was no way around it; he had proved his dominance.

They had lost their innocence. Once the idea was born that it is possible to kill one's own kind, there was no turning back.

You see, the problem with these primal humans is they still had their reptile brains which tended to dominate a lot of their thinking, which prevented them from making full use of their oversized brains. Meanwhile, their oversized brains gave them messages that things could be different that went in conflict in the more ancient brains. So, this species is actually quite insane, compared with earlier versions which were at least more in tune with their true nature.

Perhaps we can illustrate this with a somewhat tongue-in-cheek version of the Garden of Eden parable:

AN ALTERNATIVE PARABLE OF EXILE FROM PARADISE

He and She strolled through the Garden of Paradise holding hands. They were utterly ecstatic and happy. Each moment was pure joy.

A lion came into their presence. She stroked its luscious fur, delighting in the vibrations of its purr. He got upon it and rode, while She led the way.

They reached a bower of flowers by a stream where the birds sang beautiful symphonic masterpieces. They lay upon the grass in the warm sun and gave one another pleasure all the day long. For dinner, they had delicious mushrooms and fruits which they picked right off the trees. Because it was temperate, they had no need for shelter or clothes. Because their minds were one, they had no need for language to communicate.

This was all made possible by the Maker. They were utterly grateful to the Maker for giving them so much joy and awe. Everything was so perfect and beautiful. The Maker saw to it that they had all they needed. The Maker created them because the Maker was so delighted in their happiness.

However, the Maker imprinted into their minds that they were not to eat of a particular fruit from a particular tree. This was the only rule, the only limitation in a realm that was otherwise free. The Maker stressed that should they eat this fruit, they would become very unhappy with the knowledge it brought.

One day they were taking a walk and saw this particular tree. The leaves were oddly shaped, like five-pointed stars, and the fruit which grew from its flowers had a peculiar multichromatic glow to them. The fruits were shaped like oblong hexagons and gave off a rather attractive odor.

She walked towards the Tree, pulling He along. She pointed to the fruit, and they delighted in the beauty, for they had never seen anything quite like it. On an impulse, She grabbed the fruit, while He held She back, gesturing frantically upwards, their sign for the Maker. Then She kissed He, darting her tongue within his mouth. Covertly, She had bitten of the fruit, then inserted it within He's mouth.

How utterly sweet this fruit tasted! They had never tasted anything so delicious in their existence. A wondrous tingling went through their bodies, and they felt as if in permanent orgasm. They ate more and more of the fruit, it was irresistible.

Their heads became larger and their vision became more acute. Suddenly they knew things they did not know before. They became curious about the Maker and wondered if there even was a Maker. They wondered where they came from.

They made sounds with their mouths and discovered they could speak their thoughts to one another which was much quicker than gesturing. They were able to name things with these sounds and this gave them further power to pick out more details. Whereas before they saw the world as one whole, now they were able to see the world as consisting of many different pieces. And they wondered how all the pieces went together.

Suddenly She said: "I am naked! I need to cover my body with something. If we cover our bodies, this would distinguish us from the other creatures here."

He said: "You are right. We are certainly superior to these other creatures. And you know what? I think I should wear different coverings from you, because I have this rod between my legs and you don't. That makes us different from one another. Perhaps the Maker intended me to be superior to you."

She said: "Maybe it is not right for us to come into union so much. Perhaps the Maker

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intends this to be a special act and we must have special rituals for it."

"This is very strange," said He. "Before we had no sense that one action was right and another action was wrong, but now this fruit has enlightened us. Now we know better, don't we?"

And suddenly they saw the other creatures in the garden as their enemies rather than their friends. He discovered that by picking up a rock, he could made them still. And thus they discovered Death.

"This is horrible!" said She. "If these mere animals can become still, never to arise again, perhaps this is what is going to happen to us! Perhaps we should appease the Maker!"

"Yes," said He. "I have an idea. I will kill more of these animals and then the Maker will see how superior we are and make a special place for us after we become still." And He discovered better ways to kill the animals, which in turn, became afraid of them and ferocious towards them.

"Our life is so short!" said She. "We had better have rules about what is right and what is wrong in order to appease the Maker so we'll have a place in Paradise in the afterlife."

"Yes," said He, "but they better be my rules, because I am taller than you and have this rod between my legs, which obviously makes me as superior to you as we are to the animals."

"I do not agree," said She. "Can you not see I have the power of life and can bear babies?"

"Yes," said He, "but I have the power to plant the seeds for those babies and have the power to take you as I please!"

"You bastard!" said She, as He raped her then and there.

And they bore others of their kind and spread across the face of the planet. They killed one another because of differing ideas of what was right and what was wrong. They destroyed the very world which sustains them. And they lived in constant fear of Insecurity and Death.

And thus He and She had partaken of the Fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. And this Knowledge brought them much pain, just as the Maker tried to tell them. Although they were in Paradise all along, they ceased to believe this and began to think it was somewhere in the future, a future they would never find as long as they were addicted to this Fruit.

Ironic, isn't it?

THE PEACELOVERS VS. THE VIOLENT ONES

Anyway, the story of the human species rolls on:

In general, there were two basic varieties of humans:

One set was more peace-loving and compassionate towards their own kind. These relied less on hunting and more on tending to the fruits and roots of plants. Somehow they took on the characteristics of what they ate; they tended to be more stable and rooted to the area where they were born. They learned to grow plants in one place and how to give them nurturance. For their meat, they learned to make friends with herds of animals and guide them where there was food for them to graze on. These humans were more dominated by their mammal-brains.

The other set evolved out of the type of tyrant we just witnessed above. They loved to kill and dominate their own kind in any devious way they could. They hunted and wandered far and wide for their food. They had no qualms about forcibly stealing food from their own kind. They saw themselves as competitors with other animals and indeed all nature. They were very possessive about what they had and took delight in constructing lines between what was actually a unity. These humans were dominated by their reptile brains.

The reptilian humans took delight in their ability to control and conquer, especially the mammalian humans who could not conceive of violence towards their own kind. They virtually wiped out the original mammalian humans, taking females for their own progenation.

However, a synthesis took place here of these opposing traits by the intermeshing of genes and ideas. So we eventually had a kind of human with both traits, some tribes leaning one way and some leaning the other. We may have a kind of human who is ordinarily quite peaceful and loving, but who will become violent and warlike if pushed too far a certain way. Or we may have a human is ordinarily belligerent and pushy, who sees an advantage in being more peaceful and easy-going.

This kind of schizophrenic ambivalence goes quite a way back in the humans. It would not become resolved until the humans learn to use their new brains.

Meanwhile, Chaos is snickering and Order is seething behind the scene. Chaos got a kick out of every time the humans blew it in anger, while Order prayed hopefully when they'd learned to live with one another in harmony.

Like chess pieces, the Cosmic Mind played them against one another back and forth, even going so far to yawn in utter boredom (this had all happened before, you see) pondering if this attempt at a universe was ever going to work out.

THE BIRTH OF PERSONALITY

Perhaps this is about the right stage to whip the cat out of the bag and introduce a new parameter in the process of evolution: Personality. The humans were certainly mixed up enough with opposing tendencies for it. Yes, let us give the humans personalities. The Cosmic Mind opens its Box of Archetypes (left over from previous universes) and hits them between the eyes.

As this unfolds, a very interesting thing will happen: Rather than simply identifying with one's body, as ego-souls had been doing previously, ego-souls will actually believe that they are the personality. And yet, like the invention of time, the personality is an utterly contrived thing. Humans will adopt different personalities which will interact with one another, reacting to one another's personalities as benevolent, monstrous, or just plain ho-hum. The personalities will be masks behind which humans will hide their true selves from one another. Indeed, it will only be a case of rare intimacy in which any two people will see one another as they really are. It will even go to the extent that people will be so identified with their personality, they will no longer know themselves.

The personality will be forced upon each person by society. Society will unable to function without personality, so it will be society's interest to train each person to have a personality. Those who refuse such training or are unable to adopt a personality will be considered either heretics or insane. They will be treated as outcasts.

At the same time, personality will add a rather delightful dimension to the Story of the Cosmos. Hiding behind their masks, the humans will pretend to be more different than they actually are. Some personalities will blend into coalitions and other personalities will go to war with one another. Meanwhile, within all this, the Cosmic Mind will be having a jolly good time.

Yes, personality is the perfect spice to add to the pot at this time.

LET'S PRETEND

The tribespeople sit around the blazing fire, so warm against the furious elements all around. Shrill winds howl through the bare branches of jagged trees growing out of face-shaped boulders left by the previous glaciers. It is colder and colder every night. Soon the deep snows will come down from the dreadful north. Every year, the deep snows get deeper and last longer. Soon it will be time to move further to the warmer southlands with whatever they can kill - or face the prospects of ice cold sleep death from which no one can awaken.

Just to pass the time, they make up stories. They pretend the wind is trying to blow because it has a grudge about a slight done against it by the sun and it is getting even. They look up at the moon and see a face of another human just like themselves in it and conclude the moon must be a female because she waxes and wanes like the bleeding of females in the same period of time.

A woman among them volunteers to be the moon woman and acts out the phases of the moon. Then a man, who wants her to be his mate for the winter, steps up and pretends that he is the sun, who shines fierce and strong in the summer and makes the plants to grow. They dance around one another around the fire and sing songs about who they are. They give one another names: Phases of the Moon, Summer Sun.

A woman, who is known for her biting words in times of trouble, decides that the blowing winds are the essence of who she is and they decide to call her Cold Blowing Winds. Another woman who is gentle and sweet gives herself the name Tinkling Spring Streams.

A man who is quick on his feet and is a good stalker of the wild deer calls himself Lion Man. Another man who is slow and persistent calls himself Steady Turtle. A man who sits still and is disturbed by nothing is given the name Great Mountain.

After they have all given one another names, they come to the conclusion that this is a great thing indeed. By having names they can adopt the qualities of the thing they were named for. When they reach puberty, whatever seems to be their most predominant qualities will be the basis for which they are named. If these predominant qualities somehow change over the course of their lives, they can change their names. Their names will define who they are.

Now they will be able to tell one another apart by their names. They will become individuals rather than simply part of the Tribe.

Then they wonder if they can take this a little further. They can decide what major quality their whole tribe has and give their tribe a name. They can make up names for the other tribes and thus set themselves apart from them.

They ponder long and hard on this. Maybe they could call themselves the Crow People since they go where the pickings are best. Or they could call themselves the Deer People since they live on deer so much. They could call themselves the Wolf Stalkers since they sneak up on the deer. They decide that they'll call themselves Deer People, since they figure that they are what they eat. Like the deer, they are a relatively peaceful people and they don't kill and torture their own kind like the nasty Spider People over the mountain range next door. They decide to go tell the Corn People about this discovery, their neighbors down the river to the south, who they trade goods with.

Now that they've finally figured out who they are, they have a bedtime snack of deer jerky, and turn in and huddle up in their deer fur blankets to keep one another warm. Phases of the Moon and Summer Sun are rather noisy in bed that night; their gasps and groans go on until dawn

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A SYMBIOSIS BETWEEN ANIMALS, PLANTS, AND HUMANS

As the humans migrate and build fires and learn more effective ways of hunting, many of the animals realize they are in trouble. Now the humans have become the most feared predators. Even the wolves and big cats have learned to stay out of their way.

However, there are a few animals who learn that they might turn things to their advantage if they make themselves friendly to the humans. Some mutant wolves, somewhat less vicious in nature, for example, have approached the humans and become dogs. The dogs make an exchange with the humans: They would help out with the hunting, for they have good noses and hear better, and they would help guard the camps at night, barking whenever predators come. In exchange, the humans would feed them and keep them sheltered in bad weather. Thus, the dogs acquired the amenities of human invention by making themselves useful and lovable.

Later, the cats do this, although they find it difficult to give up their cherished independence. They are not particularly willing to help out with the chores, but they mutate themselves so they are cute and pleasant to hold. Occasionally, they will bring to the tribe something they have killed as a gift.

The horses discover that if they will let the humans ride them, the humans will take good care of them, giving them nourishing grain and sheltering them in the winter. This seems fair enough to them, so they go along with it.

Sheep, goats, and cows allow humans to milk them and slaughter a few of them once in a while in exchange for well maintained fields to munch on and warm barns. To them, the survival of the herd is far more important than the survival of individuals, so they overlook the slaughter and don't consider it. Besides, they will get slaughtered once in a while by the big cats and dogs in the wild anyway.

Even the plants get into this kind of exchange. They mutate themselves so that they are good and nourishing to eat. The humans will put them in good soil and keep them well watered. The humans keep other competitor plants from taking up their space, keep the bugs off them, and build fences to keep wild animals from eating them. Although this means they'll have to sacrifice themselves or their fruit on an annual basis, it certainly works out better than living in the wild. The species survives far more readily this way and the humans help them grow big and strong and spread their seed for them.

Some plants make themselves beautiful to look at, so the humans will like to grow them just because their flowers and leaves are colorful, pleasing to the eye, and please their sensory organs. They gradually learn what humans like. The humans take very good care of them, growing them away from predators. The humans support them even further by keeping bee hives so they can exchange their genes and have nice sex. The humans are certainly good to them, although it means they are at risk of being picked and uprooted once in a while.

A few plants get very clever. They study the humans and they manufacture chemicals in themselves that have pleasant effects on humans' nervous systems. These chemicals are addictive, so the humans come to need them. Thus, the humans take especially good care of them, making sure more and more of them grow.

Some of these plants work with the Cosmic Mind to generate special chemicals which will transform the nervous system of humans so they will have visions of the Unity of the Universe - thus inspiring them to evolve further.

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Some plants and animals simply take what they can get from humans without giving anything back. Thus certain scavengers have learned that they can hang around humans and get some very tasty stuff. The crows enjoy raiding the gardens. Possums, raccoons, and crows find some good garbage. The molds find the bread very nourishing. And, of course, the ants and cockroaches love to raid the food supplies.

Although humans in some ways disrupt the general ecology of the earth, there are some creatures who turn things quite to their advantage. As far as they are concerned, God made us for them.

ENCOUNTERS WITH THE HUGE WHEELED STEEL CREATURES

Rabbit comes out of the primordial woods, the brush that conceals its existence from predators that have haunted it for millions of years. He encounters the strange new terrain and does not know what to make of it. Should he run across or scamper back into the woods in safety. Then again, there may be new herbs to munch on the other side.

It is unlike anything his ancestors have ever been equipped to deal with. Hot tar lies frying on a wide length of road that stretches for miles in either direction. Strange metal animals run by, faster than even his kind could run.

The whole situation makes his fur prickle in confusion. Are these metal animals good or bad? Should he run and hide? They just seem to be minding their own business, though. They are not running after him, like the wild cats and dogs do.

He hops out in the middle of the road. A massive metal animal roars by, bearing huge rubber wheeled legs. The alien smells of hot gas and oil terrify him. It is about to eat him! Get back! Run! Hide!

He prays he can escape from its clutches just in the nick of time. But it is too late. One wheeled leg, then another flatten his existence out on this cruel trap.

More wheeled animals continue to smash and flatten every bone and gut of this unlucky rabbit. During brief intervals between wheeled animals, crows pick at his bones.

The skunks have nothing to fear. No creature has the sense to mess with them, because they'll get a good stink bomb in their face if they do.

A group of drunken teenagers, yelling: "Hey, hey, a skunk! Let's flatten it, man!" come pinwheeling by. And that's it for the skunk. "OOOO, it stinks! Ha! Ha!"

For miles around, people are repelled by the stink. This is the skunk's revenge on the civilization which has destroyed their natural environment.

Moose towers over all the animals of the north wild. He'll give any animal a good kick in the butt if they mess around with him. Gallantly he parades across the highway one night, migrating to his mate. A bleary-eyed driver wonders if it is a hallucination of the long drive, tries to swerve out of the way just in the nick of time to barely manage to nick the moose, but it is too late for the driver. He has a head-on collision with a tree on the side of the road and turns over and over down an embankment. He is pronounced dead on arrival after his long ride from the wilderness into the nearest hospital 100 miles away.

Moose merely suffers a broken leg, somewhat inconvenient, but he manages to get by. He limps back into the bushes, never losing the limp the rest of his life.

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THE EVOLUTION OF CIVILIZATION

Meanwhile, the Civilization of the South River grows. They have learned to grow lots of corn by hanging around the fertile river bed. They have so much corn to spare, that not everybody has to work at making food all the time. Some people can make artifacts, some people can try new things with metal, and some people can sit around and make myths about the origin of the universe.

A king controls the people of the river valley and everybody pays heed to the king. The king does nothing at all but sit on the throne all day and give people orders. He grows fat and languid and he is surrounded by concubines who feed him fruit and nuts. If people don't obey the orders, he has his soldiers cruelly torture them to death in public. Why everybody lets the king get away with this kind of power has always been a mystery to the wandering tribal people who tend to stay away from this kind of thing.

The priests have special buildings constructed to the gods and goddesses who they invented and who seem perfectly believable to the people who work in the fields growing corn from dawn to dusk. The people are impressed by these buildings and come to worship the gods and goddesses with rites under the priests' directions.

The priests maintain that the gods and goddesses approve of the king's powers. They say that the king is a kind of god himself. If the people die and want to get up there in the heavenly realms (where they won't have to work and grow corn all the time), they better obey the king. Then there are some rather nasty gods and goddesses that will torture people forever and ever after they die - if they don't work hard for the king. Besides, that's better than being tortured in public.

One of the priests comes up to the king with a plan. He approaches the throne, humbly bows, and states his idea:

"The people are confused. We have no way to get them to come to the temple rites so they all come together. Some of them come sooner and others come later.

We have tried to tell them to come at phases of the moon or when the sun is at a certain position, but it doesn't work very well. If we tell them to all come to the temple when the sun is highest in the sky... well, how do you know when the sun is highest in the sky anyway? Or if we tell them to come at sunset, the sun is always setting at different times at different parts of the year.

We need to come up with an invention that is a manifestation of a concept which I'll call: Time. Time is a way of creating intervals of when-ness. If there were exact such intervals, we could then have people come to worship at the same interval at the same time. What do you think, O Majestic One Who Rules the Great River Valley?"

The king thought and pondered. Actually, the conceptual basis of it didn't make much sense to him, but such things never did, and he'd be damned if he showed his stupidity to this dumb priest. However, the practical aspects of it hit him right away. If such intervals existed, then not only would people come to the temple at the same point of when-ness, but they would also show up when he asked them to when he wanted orders carried out, or when he wanted them to give him bushels of corn.

"Yes, priest, I see you have given this a lot of thought in your musings under the stars. Go to it with my blessings and I will give you all you need to invent this thing called Time. However, this better be good and not another one of your wild schemes, or I will have the fire ants lick honey off your balls under the hot noon sun."

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The priest, considerably shaken by this last threat, tried one thing after another. He finally came up with the sundial, which was better than nothing. It had a few problems, of course; it wouldn't work on cloudy days.

He commanded the whole body of priests to get hard at work observing the movements of the sun, the moon, and the stars, to see if there were any regular pattern. They did notice that there seemed to be some 12 or 13 phase cycles of the moon in the journey of the sun from its northernmost point to its southernmost point. They could call the sun journey a year and the moon phase cycle a month. Then they could make each day stand for a certain number in each month. Now it was possible to set dates with someone. And the sun-dial would be the way to tell time during the day.

The king had a lot of fun with telling people to show up at a certain date on a certain time. Sometimes he did this just to make them fearful and if anyone showed up late, he'd impale them on a stake in the marketplace at noon. This gave him more power than ever.

Not only did he have control over space by drawing up boundaries, he also had control over time by dividing it into intervals.

The Cosmic Mind gasped in horror. This creation was getting entirely out of hand. These creatures were coming up with things that it had never intended in the first place. They were using their brains to invent things that were unreal and then making them real by acting as though they were. What was going to come of this?

Fascinated, the Cosmic Mind dreams on within Its Creation.

THE JOKERS IN THE DECK

The Laughing Jackals were a bunch of weirdos. They liked to wear strange masks of creatures not of this world at all. They would leap around the bonfire and howl and yip at the crazy moon. They acquired all their food by playing tricks on the animals, putting holes in the ground, covering them up, and putting food over them.

The other tribes couldn't handle them. The Laughing Jackals would go over and make bizarre sounds in the bushes and keep them up all night. It was impossible to kill them or track them; they had such superior camouflage with the bushes and they could cover their tracks to perfection. They could wear the feet of animals. The Laughing Jackals were a clever bunch indeed, and myths arose from them passed down from one generation to the next.

One day, the Laughing Jackals decided to do a raid on the Civilization of the South River. These people were a favorite target of theirs, since they were so organized and serious, two qualities the Laughing Jackals abhorred greatly, since they worshipped the Goddess of Chaos.

At night, they snuck in when all the city was asleep. They hit the guards with their blowguns filled with potions from their sacred plants that would put them in a doze and give them frightful hallucinations. They found the sundials and pointed them the wrong way so they wouldn't give the right time anymore. They revised the king's cherished boundaries so it was smaller than before. They threw sewage on top of their altars constructed to worship Perfect Order in the Universe. They put a potion in the city water that would make the people disorganized and crazy for a couple of days. While they were at it, they helped themselves to a few bags of the king's store of corn and sang songs to his concubines to charm them away.

Snickering loudly under the lunacy of the moon, they snuck back to their base camp (location unknown and ever-changing). It was quite a productive night in their general pogrom against productivity.

The Force of Chaos laughed loudly at this development, causing tidal waves to burst forth, distant galaxies to explode, volcanoes to rumble.

"Yes, yes, this is perfectly imperfect! I will have a body of sentient beings who serve my Will in every way. I will possess them when they feel the urge to destroy, to tear down that which has been created, to defy all culture and invention. Truly, this universe is a manifestation of my gratification!"

The Force of Order said nothing. It has plans of its own. These growing civilizations show a little bit of promise. Let us develop that a little further.

THE NOOSPHERE GROWS STEADILY ONWARDS

The civilizations grew bigger and bigger, like some kind of rapidly reproducing protoplasm out of control. Little temples became bigger temples. Bigger temples became pyramids and giant statues which took generations to construct. Little city states that only covered a few square miles began to cover large masses of land, hundreds of square miles in size. Inventions became more and more elaborate.

The priests became mathematician-metaphysicians. At first, they drew squares and triangles and circles in the sand. They attempted to combine these patterns in various ways. Why they were so obsessed with such patterns, they could not begin to understand, they just seemed appealing for some mysterious reason. They drew these patterns on papyrus paper with ink and carved them in the walls of their temples. They measured the various relations between the different shapes and discovered stable patterns in these relationships. They felt they were onto something important, though precisely what it was, they could not say.

They got the idea that whoever or whatever created this universe must have had these patterns in mind, thus they tried to see some relationship in these patterns and the world around them. They would say such things as:

"We have five fingers on each hand and five toes on each foot, so the number five must be really important. It is thus evident that our hands are constructed according to the pattern of a pentagram. All together, our toes and fingers add up to twenty, so twenty must be the highest allowable number. But we have two hands and two feet and that adds up to four, so this indicates that the square is an important setting for the foundations of the universe."

On and on they would go like this, thinking up more numerical relationships, seeing them in the world at large. If the world didn't actually to have such perfect relationships, they would re-make the world around them fit their orderly conceptions.

This force-fitting of the world to fit concepts was to cause considerable agony and pain.

THE GRAND ARCANUM: THE HALL OF MIRRORS

THE HIGH PRIESTESS

Asirius enters the Divine Temple of the Crescent Moon. In his arms he carries a bag full of grain, his offering to the Goddess of Growth. His crops have not been coming up as well as usual this year and he must resort to desperate measures, if he is to feed his wife, his parents, her parents, and their seven children.

The entrance of the Temple is shaped like the entrance to a woman's womb and the inside is modeled accordingly, a long tunnel reaching into the interior. He walks into the egg shaped walls. One of the neophyte priestesses in training relieves him of his burden. Another takes him by the arm and guides him to the High Priestess of the Goddess of Growth.

She stands between two burning flames. She wears an elaborate headdress with a crescent moon atop it and a necklace embroidered with the symbol of the Goddess of Love and Fertility. Her body is covered with a diaphanous robe; her breasts and pubic hair are quite visible underneath.

He bows in submission to this woman, the most powerful one in the kingdom, for it is she who holds the Keys to the Essence of Life.

"What is it you seek, o you who have wandered far in your journey of life?"

"Oh you who commune with the Goddess of Love and Fertility, aid me! My harvest is low this year, my wife and children are starving, and I fear we will not survive the winter this year. In anguish, I come to you, for it is you who know how to speak to the roots of plants everywhere. It is you who can increase the fertility of the soil."

"Yes, I see your plight. But first you must assist me. Help me and I will help you. Together, we are stronger than we are separately."

"I have brought you a bag of grain from my dwindling stores. It is all I can spare."

"Yes, but that is not enough. To make the sacrifice complete, I must have something else."

"But what more could you want? I have given you what we can. Otherwise we will surely starve."

"You must disrobe to make the sacrifice."

Asirius removes his robe. She exposes her physical beauty and lets her gown fall to the altar.

"To make the sacrifice complete, you must possess me here on this altar. In return, I will possess you." She lies down and exposes her womb towards him. "Come, o you who have suffered in your journey of life, fill me with your seed, fertilize me and I will grant you fertility."

Between the burning pyres, Asirius makes long and gentle love to her. He suckles at her pointed nipples, takes long laps at the entrance to her womb, and inserts his pulsating seed-bearer deep within her. Her cries of passion echo throughout the womb of the Temple.

The sacrifice of joy and pleasure is complete. She sends him back to his home. The next day, his crops grow firm and tall, and there is plenty to harvest for all of his family.

THE IMPARTATION OF WISDOM

The shaman takes his disciple up to the mountain on the high rocks where the currents of energy flow strong from the four directions. They sit still in silence immersed in this flow of energy gazing at the curvature of the wide earth all around.

The shaman gazes intently into the eyes of his disciple until a state of communication is reached. In this state, there is no need to speak. An energy transference takes place between them that substitutes for spoken words. The disciple can interpret the message of the shaman within:

"This world that ordinary people take for solid is not what it appears. It can be likened to a kind of dream which seems utterly real at the time, but it is not.

"When you achieve this level of perception that I have now guided you into, you can see quite clearly that it is a kind of energy like that which comes from the sun which gives life to all beings on this planet. It is constantly shifting around like the flow of water, like the motion of life.

"If you were to go to an even higher level than this, you would see that the energy is guided by the images we have in our minds. If you experimented with this connection, you would see that by forming certain images, you could control the energy which in turn manifests as solid things in the ordinary world. With this knowledge, you would have quite a lot of power.

"This power can be used for good or ill. You could conjure up beneficial images to assist people who request it, or you could cause harm to those you consider to be your enemies. For this reason, we are very careful about who we allow to rise to the next world up. You must have immaculate ethical values to be capable of handling this power. If you should use this power for greed or violence, the repercussions will return back to you ten-fold.

"On this level, you can see clearly how all-pervading this basic energy of the universe is. It is in us, in the animals, in the plants, in the stones and mountains, in the sun, in the water, in the air we breathe. It extends infinitely in all directions. It is truly wondrous to experience this."

As they came back down the mountain, the disciple gazed at all about him, perceiving the Great Force within all. Life would never be the same for him again.

THE VISION OF THE SUNSTRUCK SHAMAN

The shaman has contacted no one for quite awhile. Yet again, he has set upon a vision quest of the unknown. He wanders about the forest where no people dwell. He begins to see himself as akin to the animals. He is one with the mosquitoes who seek to suck his blood, immune to their venom for his blood is the mosquito's blood.

He would be hard to distinguish from the camouflage of another wild animal. Dark, brown skin and bowl cut black bangs has he and bamboo shoots stuck through his ears and nose. His face is painted with the purple and yellow juices of luscious plants. Only a loinskin of animal hide he wears and his feet are so callused from hard rocks and hot sands as to serve in the stead of sandals..

He finds the sacred plant he is looking for. By the wide river with crocodiles sunning themselves on the muddy shores, a snake leads him to a flower. The flower, a purple triangle within a red triangle within a yellow triangle speaks to him. This three sided pattern is a good one and it is three times three. The plant sings to him that this is what will grant him a vision, that he must chew the roots, and not vomit, no matter how sick it makes him. He gathers some in his pouch and moves up the river. Something tells him he must find the source of this river.

For many days he travels, killing beasts with his poisoned darts ejected from his blowgun. In the instant before he makes the kill, he catches their eye and prays for their spirit, that their journey into the dream world might be good. Making no fire, he chews raw meat and leaves some for the other animals that they may eat, too.

The river grows narrower and there are fewer trees. There are very high mountains ahead and he sees that the source of the river lies there. The river becomes but a stream cascading down cliffs and he climbs huffing and puffing over rocks along the bed. He crawls up a narrow ravine, barely escaping falling many times, clinging to rocks, persevering with his journey.

He comes to the cave which is the source of the river. Waters drip from the roof of the cavern, creating stalactites and stagmagtites within the void of darkness within. From the mouth of the cavern, he turns and oversees a vast vista of the wide flat jungle lands where his tribe lives, looking over the winding river a great distance away. He speaks to the cave and is satisfied. Yes, this is the place.

When the sun sets, he takes out his drum and softly yet insistently pounds. He listens to the throbbing beat like the Pulse of the World Spirit. He is only the beat. He breathes in and out rhythmically with the drum, four for the inbreath, hold four beats, four for the outbreath, hold four beats. This is what the teacher before him told him to do and this is what he will tell his students, for it is good. His mind ceases and he is no more. He pounds through the night as the moon moves over the face of the land, creating a silvery sheen on the river waters.

Finally, the arrival of dawn comes and he stops the pounding. The drum has served its work. He stands up, stretches his arms out to the Sun Spirit rising to the east, and, with the multitude of birds of this ancient paradise, sings an ancient song of worship which the spirit moves him to do.

It is time. He reaches into his bag and takes out the crushed dried roots. Carefully, he chews and swallows. It is very bitter and unpleasant to the taste. No one in his tribe has tried this plant before. There is no telling what it will do. It may kill him. Or it may transport him into the most heavenly domains of the Dream World. Every generation, someone is chosen to take this risk. Now it is his turn.

He feels very sick and wants badly to throw up. He holds his hands forcibly over his

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mouth to prevent this. His body shivers in convulsions and there is a loud shrill ringing in his ears. His vision is out of focus. He prays to the Sun Spirit to save him. He does not want to depart this soon.

And the Sun Spirit tells him what to do. He must focus on the sheer brilliance of the Sun, picturing it within his heart beat which is the home of his spirit. That is the Vision that will save him.

He feels the brilliance of the Sun within him. The Sun is the Source of All Light, All Life, All Warmth. How intense It is! No-thing can describe it, for it is beyond all things. And yet It is the Source of all things. From the brilliance of the Sun, he sees a magnificent array of swirling colors forming endless patterns in concentric waves.

He stands and stretches his arms out in awe at this wondrous Orb. The intensity affects his entire body and his man root rises throbbing like the drum beat of the World Pulse. It is like the most intense sexual experience and yet it is utterly beyond the ordinary world. His man root is worshipping the Sun, too.

And spouts upon spouts of sperm shoot out like the source of this endless river which provides water for all life. The sperm shines and glistens brilliantly in the light of the Sun. And he senses that he is but a transformer of Energy from beyond into a type of energy that can penetrate the world below.

The sperm turns into crystalline seeds that fall upon the ground like millions upon millions of dusty flakes. And the crystal seeds grow in the light of the Sun, growing upwards like the stalks of the great trees that live for generations of man lives.

The stalks unite with one another at the tops forming vast arches. And tall buildings and spires of crystal climb upwards to unite with the Sun. They become so high he cannot see to the top.

He sees a stairway which forms from the crystals and he climbs to the utmost heights of this crystal city. He looks far into distances and palaces of clouds never encountered by any living being, not even the eagles who fly so high.

And the whole thing explodes in a glorious burst of sheer energy. He is hurled to the edges of the universe. He is weightless and unbound. He faces the Void that lies beyond. He feels both an intense desire to unite with it and a horror of how empty it all is. A cord tugs at him. No, he is not ready to make this transition yet.

Then the vision wears out and he zips back to the edge of the cave in his ordinary body in ordinary reality again. The sun is just its usual self again, a mere body of fire in the sky. He is sitting cross-legged and in his hand is a crystalline piece of the city he had discovered in the Dream World. He sighs a breath of relief. He made this journey and survived.

He puts the magic crystal in his bag with the rest of the plant roots. Now he has something to return to his tribe. Now he has something to pass down through the generations that they may see this Vision, too.

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SACRIFICE

It is the Grand Solstice when the Sun God shines the brightest. The people of the land gather about the temple, pounding fervently on their drums, getting in tune with this most powerful event in the year. They pass the sacred drink around in a golden goblet. The plant will speak to them of great visions of the unity of all.

The high priest atop the vast square pyramid in the steaming jungle shouts out indecipherable conjurations to the Sun God. He wears the mask of the Sun God and is dressed in glorious colorful feathers. He screams for the sacrifice. He is eager to shed blood.

The willing virgin is brought up, ready to give her life and soul to the Sun God. The people of the land dance madly, drunk on hallucinogens, screaming for the murder for the sake of the land.

The priest whips out his long knife and anticlimactically tears her heart out displaying it for all to see, making sure the Sun God got a good glimpse of this sacrifice. The people cheer in exultation at the sight of the bright pulsating blood steaming in the golden sunlight so high above.

Then suddenly, a shadow passes across the land, yet the sky is absolutely cloudless. They gaze up at the noon sun and see a growing crescent covering its face. Something dark and malevolent is eating up the Sun God! The people bow to their knees and scream in terror and supplication at this event they do not understand.

The sun is completely covered and terrible flashes come out of its sides. The sun has gone out! It is as though it were a dying ember.

Then it gradually comes uncovered again. The crescent goes in the other direction until the sun is shining with its usual noontime fervor. The people are immensely relieved.

Yet they are bewildered and tell this story for generations to come. What happened? Was this a sign of evil portents to come? Was the Sun God angry at them? What did they do wrong?

Maybe the Sun God did not like their sacrifice. Maybe they should not sacrifice a young maiden's life and just make a little nick in her finger. Or maybe they should sacrifice more.

The poor people were so confused.

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THE FALL OF THE TOWER

On the great mountainous continent, Atlanteous, the people grow proud and free. They grow crops on fertile lands, and there is plenty of food for everyone. Large pyramidal temples line up along the shores of the river valleys. Musicians play and sing beautiful lyrical poetry in homage to the Goddesses and Gods who created the world around them.

They love to play with magical crystals and they discover from these crystals, they can wield great power. They can make people love and they can make people hate. They can affect animals so they willingly do work for them, and they can make the animals that were their enemies lie in peace with them. They can control the growth of plants, making the desired ones grow larger and the undesired ones die out. Verily, they can control all of nature around them. They can re-create the world as though they were the Goddesses and Gods themselves.

They are entranced with the power they have, and who can blame them? For so long, they have been the victims of the natural forces, and now they have absolute control over the natural forces.

They become jealous of one another and attempt to outdo one another with the largest and most powerful crystal. They dig deeply into the bowels of the earth, using the crystals they already have, in search of the most powerful crystal on earth. For whoever has this crystal will be the one who shall rule the earth.

However, the natural forces they attempt to control have a will of their own, for they will to become sentient themselves. Who are these humans who attempt to control them? The natural forces are becoming exceedingly angry with these indolent humans.

The people of Atlanteous sing and revel in their glory, but they do not notice the changes in the world around them. They take from the earth, but they do not give anything back. Their population grows and they must rely on more elaborate methods to feed, clothe, and shelter all of themselves.

Year by year, tidal waves lash out against the shores from powerful forces released by the crystals. The earth rumbles and lava pours out from long-dormant volcanoes, the result of so much mining. Strange snowstorms blow in from the north in the midst of summer's wrath and calm. But the people do not notice this, except a few prophets who foretell ill tidings from these signs, but they are considered to be mad.

When it is too late to turn back, the lands of Atlanteous sink into the oceans. In vain, the people try to use their crystals to save themselves, but it is like struggling in quicksand. And Atlanteous becomes a mere fable of what was.

All over the earth, there are massive changes. Land masses break apart, mountain chains rise from plains, rains fall for days and days creating great floods, and glaciers slither in from the northern wastes.

And those who had foreseen the Fall of Atlanteous, get into their ships and sail towards the four corners of the wide earth. And it is from their progeny, that the human species tenaciously makes another try to evolve.

THE EMPRESS

The High Empress sits upon her throne, contemplating her realm. She has just been well satisfied by one of her slave men; how skilled was his tongue into the recesses of her womb! She shivers at the memory. He was a slave captured among the soldiers of the Time-Keepers to the south, who are always making war upon the Earth Women.

She calls a scribe forth to take down her thoughts. The scribe scribbles down pictures as she speaks, pictures of people, crescent moons, tools, animals.

"The Time-Keepers of the south are going too far. Word has come to us that they have invented a series of gears which are turned by the flowing of water which show a display which they call 'Time', that infernal concept of theirs. Now their people must perform all their daily activities according to this device. Their servants pound on loud bells to wake people up, to tell them when they must break their fast, to tell them when to go to work in their fields, to tell them when to worship, and when to go pay obeisance to their King.

They have lost all sense of natural flow. Rather than doing what they feel like doing or what they must do when they feel right about it, they first consult this 'Clock'! Indeed, they have harnessed the sacred flow of our dear water itself, making it a slave for their purposes!

I have heard it said that they are telling themselves that men are the superior sex and it is their right to enslave women for their twisted purposes. They have even started to forbid worship of the goddesses, asserting that they and our gender are the cause of all pain in this world, and only worship their he-men. And yet it is we who are the bearers of life!

And now they intend to include our sacred earth within the confines of what they call 'boundaries'! They have made it clear that they wish to forcibly convert us to their ways by sending their soldiers over to enforce this.

We will not stand for this! As much as it goes against our ways of peace and nonaggression, we will strike back at these attempts.

If necessary, we will become wanderers. We will spread out into many tribes. If captured, we will keep the Way of the High Goddess intact by a secret code which we will spread from one generation to the next. We will do this as long as necessary until the men see their folly and cannot resist us any longer.

Our way has been here with the creation of the earth. Their way is false; their way is slavery to illusions they themselves have invented. The Way of the Timeless Earth shall persist from eternity to eternity.

So be it."

The scribe walked away to recopy the notes, her footsteps echoing in the chamber of the labyrinth. The Empress of the Earth Women gazed sadly at the crescent moon over sweet Aphrodite setting in the west. Hard times were about to come to humankind, and especially for women. The Path would not be easy for those to come in generations ahead.

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THE LAUGHING JACKALS STRIKE BACK

The Laughing Jackals, painted in their horror masks and playing maddening notes on their infernal flutes, raided the City of the Time-Keepers. The guards fell asleep, hearing their weird music, having troubled dreams. They studied the clock, then figured out something: if they could make the water run the other way, they would make the clock run backwards! This they set out to do, by re-routing the water. By dawn, they were finished. Chuckling in glee, they merrily hid behind rocks, spying upon the results of their labor.

The bell rang as usual for getting up. The people yawned and rubbed sleep out of their eyes, wondering what's for breakfast. But the clock did not ring for breakfast; instead it rang for bedtime. They obligingly went back to sleep, as the sun rose. Then the clock rang for evening prayers. They chanted their song of worship to the setting sun as the sun rose midway into the sky.

The King paced around in sheer rage, tearing out his hair. Why wasn't anyone working? What was everyone doing going to sleep in the morning? And now they're chanting their evening prayers! Wasn't his marvelous invention, Time, doing any good? The sage-inventors said this Clock would work wonders.

He was going to be torturing a lot of people for this.

The Laughing Jackals covered their mouths in mirth, trying not to burst out laughing aloud. Boy, this City of Time sure was fun to play tricks on.

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THE INVENTION OF MONOTHEISM

From the Lost Scrolls of the Magus of Atlanteous:

"Ah, verily, the people of this great continent have lost their minds! They value pieces of metal which they use for exchanging goods among themselves more than the goods themselves. They hoard piles of mere pieces of metal and call themselves 'rich'. Those who do not have these pieces of metal are considered to be inferior to those who have piles of them. Those who have no pieces of metal must work harder than those who do. Is this not madness?

"The people worship a god they call 'Yawa'. Yawa is a big man in the sky who they maintain is the creator of the earth and the universe. He is an old ill-tempered man and hurls lightening bolts at those who displease him and do not worship him. He favors men over women, thus these worshippers feel justified in the slavery of women. In fact, they are spreading a story around that it was the first woman created by Yawa who brought all the pain into this world.

"They continue to play around with the powers that the crystals bring them. They mine the mountains for rare metals which they convert into pieces of metal for themselves. And now nobody works or tends the lands. They all sit upon their piles of metal and call themselves 'rich'. But there is no grain to eat and no sheep for wool. What good are their piles of metal if there is nothing to exchange for them? But they are blind to their own folly.

"And now there is an imbalance in the very bowels of the earth itself. She continues to shake and shudder, as if to get rid of these madmen who tear apart her skin. Tidal waves hurl themselves upon our cities and storms destroy our crops. There are countless deaths. The Yawa-worshippers believe it is their god's anger and continue to try to convert the nonbelievers.

"I can only foresee the end of Atlanteous from this mass madness. That is inevitable. All we can hope for now is that at least a few of our kind will survive and go to other parts of the world. And that they will tell the tale of the fate which has befallen Atlanteous and the reasons why. Surely if humankind survives this mess, future generations will learn lessons from our example not to make the same mistakes.

"The Temple is toppling down! It is another earthquake! The followers of Yawa are coming in here with spears! What..."

(The manuscript is torn off here.)

(Chaos slides a bishop over. There is a clear diagonal line between it and Order's king. Chaos smiles sardonically and makes the move in a zig-zag manner. He chuckles and says:

"Check.")

THE SEERESS PREDICTS THE FUTURE

The Oracle covered with writhing snakes beneath the high noon sun gazes blindly at the audience awaiting her latest visions of what is to come. All morning, she has been vomiting from the sacred poisons they have given her. The night before, she has communed with the celestial spirits in the open observatory, penetrating the Veil of the Unknown.

Finally, the Vision comes to her. The trick was not to see it with her mind, but with her intuition. She speaks:

"In a distant future far beyond what we can comprehend, there is an entirely different kind of people. They have wondrous inventions which give them god-like powers.

"They shall be able to fly as birds in chariots of fire as high in the sky as the most distant clouds.

"Indeed, they shall be able to fly to the moon and the planets in such chariots, and they shall build cities on distant worlds.

"They shall be able to pick up a shell, speak into it, and talk with someone on another shell over on a distant continent.

"They shall travel on roads paved with solid tar in chariots of metal that magically run without the use of horses - and how much fast they run, galloping up steep hills many times faster than a horse. My, how noisy and smelly these chariots are!

"They shall have vast cities, hundreds of times larger than our largest city. Buildings, seemingly on stilts, grow as high as mountains.

"They shall have metal boxes that act as scribes for them; they simply speak into them and the boxes do their bidding. These boxes act as mathematicians for them, and enable them to plan their strategies in business and war. The boxes will also act as entertainment for them, providing them with song and drama far more lifelike than on stage.

"They shall have massive weapons that can destroy one of their cities in a single explosion. It acts like a volcano exploding instantly from within. The brilliance, like the sun, ah, the brilliance..."

At this point, she fainted.

The people walk away, shaking their collective heads, shrugging their collective shoulders. The attendants must have given her too much of that sacred poison. It appears that a demon possessed her and it spake naught but gibberish through her. Perhaps it was time to sacrifice her to the lions and get a fresh Oracle, one that will tell them more accurate prophecies of issues more immediate.

THE PATRIARCHY VS. THE MATRIARCHY

The soldier from the Time-Keepers is hacking his way into the lines of the Earth Woman who attempt to defend what is left of their world. He has a long blade and he cuts right and left. He gets a sense of satisfaction from the blood he raises, like a tradesman glorying in a job well done. He must obey his commands like a good boy, and besides, these primitives who glory in their femininity and do not keep time must be kept down. Someone has to show them their place.

He cannot understand why they do not bother to defend themselves as well as one might expect. They simply gaze at him and his fellow soldiers in shock, as though they cannot believe someone would choose to make war on them.

He is about to strike one woman and her child down, when she suddenly asks him:

"Tell me, why are you doing this? What is it we did to you that you should treat us this way? Is your honor so important that you would slaughter innocent women and children? Is that honorable?"

He pauses. Indeed, these are valid questions, but the problem is, he can't think. He is a Time-Keeper; this is what he is told to do. He is only following orders.

He resumes his activities and strikes this impudent primitive down. Civilization must roll on. The Time-Keepers must conquer the world. Then everyone will synchronize their activities to the same clock.

Another woman is a bit more clever. Saying nothing, she simply takes off her robe and shows him her Slit of Sinn. Sinn is the Moon Goddess the Earth Women worship.

"If I am alive, this is worth much to you. If I am dead, this is worth nothing to you. Which would you prefer to merge your seed with, a living breathing woman with a lively womb, or a stiff corpse with a cold hole?"

He thought about that one. Ah, to Hades with the stupid orders! He put down his sword and joined the tribe of the Earth Women.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF ENLIGHTENMENT

There is a prince who is simply not satisfied with anything. He has been given everything a human primate could possibly need and yet he is not satisfied. He can have any woman he wants who will do anything he wants and he is not satisfied. He has tried all kinds of earthly delights, all kinds of unusual and exotic drugs, but none of this leaves him feeling satisfied.

This feeling of dissatisfaction lies deep within him, throughout all of his activities. There is a counselor, old and wise, whom he visits, seeking advice as to why he is so dissatisfied all the time. "It is but the fruit of your previous actions in lifetimes prior to this. You have experienced poverty and now you must experience the satiety of having more than enough." Somehow this answer does not satisfy him.

He observes this is actually true of all people around him. Everybody he sees going hither and thither, dissatisfied with whatever lot they have in life. His father, for example, is never satisfied with the size of his kingdom, so he's always conniving how he can add more to it. His mother is never satisfied with her beauty and is always looking for ways to improve it. The poor man would do anything just for a slice of bread. The one who loves the taste and effect of wine would do anything for his next bottle. The man who compares himself to the bull who mounts all the cows in the field is always looking for another woman to plunge his seed into.

He leaves his family behind and decides to join a bunch of renunciants. Perhaps that is the way to do it. Here's some people who have given up the world and live on practically nothing. They have some elaborate breathing exercises and they can contort their bodies into all kinds of uncomfortable positions. Perhaps if he does what they do for long enough, he'll finally get over this nagging dissatisfaction that is dragging him down.

After awhile of hanging out with these people, he begins to notice a very weird thing: These people are dissatisfied, too. They keep trying to outdo one another to see who can give up the most, who can do the most uncomfortable possible thing. No, this just wasn't working out.

He's going to have to do this on his own. He goes out into the primitive wilds and decides to sit under a tree. He resolves he's going to simply sit here in this one spot and not move until he can get at the root of his dissatisfaction.

So he huffs and puffs and groans. He reviews his whole life and how nothing ever gave him any satisfaction. Whenever he just did what he felt like doing, he always was left wanting more of it.

He starts to get these funny flashes of other human existences he may have gone through. Odd images flash through his mind: being a warrior, being some kind of earth woman, being a prostitute, being a craftsman, being a computer operator, being a Kamikaze pilot in the South Pacific, inhabiting a city on Mars, mixing a batch of chemicals and chanting over them, etc., etc.

He even gets flashes of what it's like to be a tree, a toenail, a worm, a fish, a flower, a bird, a star. It's all there, all he had to do was tune into it.

He becomes the first atom forming out of the three basic forces, then knows that the whole universe is made out of this primordial substance which is simultaneously emptiness and infinite variety of forms.

But then he finally goes far back enough to see that this whole universe is founded upon dissatisfaction. The Cosmic Mind was dissatisfied with the idea that there was only a Void, so this universe comes into being as a result.

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It goes all around in a vast circle endlessly. The only thing to do is to accept it as it is, neither rejecting it nor identifying with it. He gets an idea. Why not simply be satisfied with the dissatisfaction? So he goes into that. Yes, this is a satisfactory conclusion.

Perhaps there is a middle way. One can pass at ease through the world without trying to grasp it or possess it. Simply experience it as it is.

He looks around and concludes that this world is marvelously imperfect. He is the urge that led to the formation of this wonderful world, therefore he is the world, and so is everybody else.

He gets up from the tree. It is time to move on. He attempts to tell everyone he meets about his revelation, but no one knows what he is talking about because they're too involved in their own activities. They usually take him for one of those people talking about renouncing the world and that's how his teachings get passed down, distorted as usual.

As his teachings get passed down, he becomes revered as a god, though he is merely a man who sincerely sought for an answer and found it deep within.

THE PATH OF LOVE

Meanwhile, on another side of this planet of sapient primates, another man observes the people around him. He feels a sense that something is not right, things could be improved. He cannot understand why there is always war and strife. Why can't people just get along and live in peace and harmony?

He goes alone into a wilderness and fasts for a very long time. He has decided that he will not leave until he has an answer.

He sees a vision of how the cosmos was created by the Original Mind. He sees the way out is the way within. He sees a profound energy that pervades all that is, and by becoming one with this energy, one can become immortal.

He decides to go into the world and teach these truths to others. He knows that he must put his knowledge into simple terms related to earthly affairs, so that they may understand what he is talking about. For example, he calls the all-pervading energy, "the Kingdom of Heaven", repeatedly telling all who will listen that the Kingdom of Heaven is both within (to ones who seem particularly ready) and all around (to the common population).

He goes among the simple less sophisticated people and speaks in parables. He knows that the more educated ones will reject his teachings outright. To further convince them, he uses the all pervading energy to heal the sick, make the blind see, raise the dead.

He teaches the path of love. He tries to convince them that if they could only love and forgive one another with the same caring as they regard for themselves, they would enter the Kingdom of Heaven. To his inner circle of disciples, he reveals to them that this is the way to achieve a profound state of cosmic consciousness.

The authority figures, the titans of the empire (who incidentally are directed descended from the Time-Keepers of thousands of years ago), do not like what this man is saying at all. Their entire economic/political system thrived on fear and hate. If people started loving each other, they would have no incentive to pay heed to the dictates of the empire. What if they wanted to have a war to conquer more countries and everybody were pacifists because of this man's teachings? No, this could not be!

They decide to have him exterminated. They cleverly plot it so that it appears to be the will of the common culture, so no one would blame it on them and revolt. The mob screams for him to be crucified, another form of sadism that the sapient primates thrill in.

He knew this would happen sooner or later. He weeps as nails are driven through his hands. What machines these people are! They are like ants going hither and thither with no minds of their own, just following the will of the empire. When would they evolve?

He tried, as others have tried and others will continue to try, to raise their consciousness to the next level. He looks out over the aghast crowd, shaking his head in despair.

Waves of pain come over him as he looks into the future of what will be. He sees wars being carried out in his name. He sees how the religion based on him will have nothing at all to do with his original teachings; instead of love, they will preach intolerance of all non-believers, going so far as to torture them or put them in jail. His religion will be used as a means of control and the empire itself will be the first to take advantage of it. Oh, the horror of it all, when will it all end?

"O Source of All, forgive them, for they do not know what they do!" he screams in agony. But he sees even beyond that. He knows that they will inevitably evolve, as spring follows winter. The humans will become awakened to their own madness and it will become

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inconceivable to them to continue with their folly. War will be a thing of the past and no longer will boundaries separate people. People will live in love and harmony, spontaneously becoming what he has been trying to tell them.

A beatific smile crosses his face and he sighs in happiness. "It is done," he whispers. He becomes one with the all-pervading energy.

THE STRENGTH OF LOVE

The martyrs are being led out one by one into the Great Amphitheater of the Empire. They are followers of the Path of Love and the Emperor cannot stand for such nonsense that will distract the people from following orders. They are condemned to be torn apart and eaten by the lions imported from the savannahs of distant Africa. It is an exotic sight and the people love to drink wine and stroke their lovers while gazing at the bloodshed. The cries for mercy are so thrilling and it makes them glad they are not in there with the fools who insist on clinging to their unprofitable beliefs.

A family of martyrs is led into the center. They go willingly and resist not the sacrifice which must be made. The father and mother smile in loving-kindness to the insane mob. The father shouts:

"We forgive you for you have no idea what you are doing. If you were only to wake up to the state of hypnosis the Emperor has put you in, you would be horrified at your actions. But do not worry - God still loves you nevertheless."

The crowd booed at them and all turned their thumbs down in glee. The lions made short work of these fools.

A young woman is taken to be the next sacrifice. The lions are going to have quite a feast today. She is quite shy and beautiful; many male primates get an erection at the sight of her as they stick fingers up the slits of their companions. She says nothing, only gazing wistfully at the crowd, wondering what could have made them the way they are.

The lion approaches to have her for dinner. She looks steadily into the lion's eyes and stretches out her hand to it as if inviting it to come nearer. The lion is confused. This is not typical behavior of the humans. Usually, they are afraid. Could it be she has a secret weapon?

The lion approaches her warily. She smiles invitingly and encourages him to come closer. She locks eyes with him and reaches out to his mane. The lion pauses, unsure where to proceed next. She calmly and lovingly strokes his mane. The lion sits down and purrs contentedly. He likes to have his mane stroked like this.

She then gets on his back and nudges him to start walking, using the mane as reigns. The lion is willing to do anything she says. She rides the lion out of the Great Amphitheater.

The crowd stares in shock at this sight, dropping their cups of wine, pulling their hands off their lovers. The soldiers do not stop her; they back off as though from a supernatural manifestation. Several of them covertly become converts to the Path of Love that day.

THE DOGMATIC CON-ARTIST

"You will all surely go to Hell!" screams the minister several hundred years after the original martyr's sacrifice. "You must behave yourselves and follow the Law of the Lord! That is the only way you can be saved!"

A young man and woman sit in the back of the congregation. He has his hand up her dress, exploring what is there quite eagerly.

"If you continue to act like the beasts of the fields, there is no way you can be saved! You must come within the folds of the Church, like a sheep who returns to the flock of the Good Shepard who takes care of us. Otherwise, you will be consumed by the wolves of lust, of greed, of worldly power!"

The young woman wriggles her thighs excitedly at the actions of the young man's hand. She has her hand on his thigh, creeping up towards the throbbing erection under his pants.

"We must align ourselves with the Pope and the King who has Divine Authority to carry out the Will of the Lord in our brief sojourn on this earthly plane. We must continue to conquer the primitive peoples who have no conscience but follow the temptations of the Devil. For the sake of their souls, we must forcibly convert them."

The couple squirms in growing excitement, breathing harder, taking care not to cry out in their passion. What a thrill it is to do this wonderful thing in the very place where it is most forbidden. They will finish their mating in a distant hayfield after the Church service is over.

As the plate is passed around for contributions, a certain person who is secretly an Alchemist drops a few farthings in, just for appearances. If he did not do this, he would be identified as a Devil worshipper and burned at the stake.

This Church consists of a bunch of wolves in sheep's clothing, he remarks wryly to himself, ready to prey on the innocent and unwary, making people feel guilty for natural desires, terrifying them into their fold so they will not go to some mythical "hell", using this fear to have uttermost power over them.

But they cannot take away what is within him and a few others, the power of inward Transformation.

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MASS DEATH

Alas, it is the time of the Plague. Everywhere bodies are being burned in piles. Extremists from the Church are predicting the End of the World as the millennium approaches. No one is around to work the fields and there is famine as well. Huge sores grow on bodies. They scratch and scratch and there is no relief from the pain and itching. People are faint from fever.

The Plague observes no status. The king is as likely to get it as the lowly peasant. The screaming minister is as likely to get it as the most exuberant sinners. The rich man with all his gold can never buy exemption from this misery. The military commander with all the battalions at his command will never be able to fight it off. No magician can wish it away with all the invocations in the book.

The mangled disfigured grave digger grins toothlessly. What a boon to business for him. Eagerly he grabs body after body, and dumps it in his wagon. They will pay him anything to cart the damned things away. Somehow, he got the Plague and managed to survive. Perhaps it is because he is exposed to so much of it.

The grave digger sees a certain perverse beauty in the phenomena of Death. The sores and the rotting smell represent a masterpiece of glory to him. Perhaps it is because he has gone insane like everybody else; the Plague does have a deleterious effect on the perceptual system.

The grave digger delights in watching the bodies rot away in the soil and more of them keep coming every day. They become transformed into dirt as the snows of winter drift in from the cruel north. The grave digger lies beside the bodies in ecstasy and, weeping with joyous pain, slowly becomes frozen to death.

By the arrival of sweet spring, the Plague has subsided. Flowers grow from the earth that contained the bodies.

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THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

The wandering gypsies do magic tricks and tell fortunes for a living. They are descendants of the Laughing Jackals. They travel from village to village in their horse-drawn mobile homes. They play strange and wild poignant music. It is quite unlike the hymns you hear in Church.

The gypsies use cards to tell fortunes for people. They are strange cards with pictures on them. They represent certain basic characters of archetypal importance. For example, there's a picture of somebody about to walk off a cliff wearing rather unconventional clothes who they call "The Fool". Or, there's a picture of a man being hanged they call "Sacrifice". There's a card of a skeleton in a cloak striking down people they call "Death". There's a picture of a wheel with funny hieroglyphics written upon it they call "The Wheel of Fortune".

These cards are called Tarot Cards. Many of them are represented in these slices of human history. Maybe you can get yourself a deck and attempt to figure out which scene is represented by which card. Don't be afraid. Take a walk down the Labyrinth of the Major Arcana. After all, it's what you've been doing all along. Sometimes you go up; sometimes you go down. One thing is for certain: you will certainly keep going round and round.

The cards are shuffled and the gypsy randomly whips out a card for a few farthings to the peasant who is eager to find out what his or her future holds. Ah, there's "The Lovers"; maybe I'll get married to that nice man from the next village who has been wooing me. Whoops, there's "Death"; I hope that doesn't mean myself or someone close to me. There's "The Tower"; does that mean all my hopes built up will come toppling down? There's "The Pope"; maybe I better go get religion. "The Devil"; does that mean I'm a worshipper of Lucifer on the side? The gypsy cleverly turns it around so that people only hear what they want to hear, which is what they do anyway; why shock them with the truth, that what they believe is real is all a big illusion.

And here is "The Wheel of Fortune".

THE MAGICIAN

The Alchemist is working high in his tower. He is experimenting with various combinations of elements. He wonders if there were some new combination of mercury and sulfur that would yield the long sought Philosopher's Stone, which would catalyze any metal it touches into gold and grant immortality to the possessor. At least, that's what the king believes he is doing up there, and he is being well paid for this activity.

According to some ancient texts he has that come from a civilization of high priestesses, he knows that if he can combine an active ingredient with a passive ingredient using a neutral ingredient to catalyze the combination, he will come up with a profound new ingredient which will grant virtually unlimited power to the possessor. If he succeeds, there is no way he is going to let someone as uncouthly crass as the king have it. Instead, the king will be forced to bow to him.

No, his intention is to create a new world, a world he has visualized by following certain rituals from some Egyptian texts for traveling through the upper worlds. For example, he has some drawings on his table of some flying machines he knows will be built four hundred years from now. If he can achieve the construction of the Philosopher's Stone, all such knowledge of future inventions will be his.

The mercury and sulphur do not seem to be working very well, and what a stink it creates! Perhaps he could try another kind of mercurial substance, sperm, which is a substance of the sun, with a sulphuric substance, the blood of a female vagina, which is of the moon.

He calls his female apprentice over who is working on another experiment, and requests that she unrobe. He does the same, and probes his Staff of Lucifer into her Vale of Venus, until the combination has been achieved. He then extracts the sacred substances and proceeds to heat them up in his flask.

The fire burns steadily while moonlight shines fervently through the window. Perhaps this is the combination which will finally work.

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THE LOVERS

The lovers stroll out onto a distant field covered with bright yellow dandelions. They carry bread, wine, and cheese to have a little picnic, out here in a carefree world of their own. They sit under an ancient oak, and he plays her a song on his flute, while she listens entranced. They then have their picnic, sipping wine, giggling at silly little jokes that no one would understand except them.

"I love you," says he to her, gazing deeply into her violet eyes, passionately aroused by her breathing breasts.

"As I love you," says she to him, amazed at his capabilities and passionately aroused by his commitment to her.

They kiss, probing their tongues deeply into one another's mouths, telling one another with this kiss what they could never convey in words. This is their first such kiss and it is a real breakthrough, the beginning of a long and involved relationship. It was only a month ago, they had met at a maypole dance on the village square.

Suddenly, they are tearing off one another's multiple veils of clothing, searching for the natural skin that lays underneath. Before they know it, they are engaged in animalistic coupling, and the orgasm is so quick and seemingly anticlimactic.

It is only a short while later that she is pregnant and they announce their engagement to the world. How happy they are with one another, in the unity they have found in a disunified world.

A year later, they are fighting and throwing things at each other, then tearfully making up.

Five years later, they live under the same roof, but go their own way, sharing the same bed but making love no more.

Ten years later, they absolutely cannot stand each other and are having secret affairs on the side.

Ah, earthly love, such a beautiful experience at the outset, but it never seems to last.

THE HERETIC

"Burn her! Burn the Witch!"

The crowd screams hysterically, leading the middle-aged woman to the fate that has been carefully prepared for her. She was only doing her midnight ritual with the moon, dancing in a distant field with kindred invisible spirits. Someone who suspected her followed her and discovered her.

"She is Demon-Possessed! Burn this wicked cohort of the Devil!"

What harm was there in worshipping the moon, which her ancestors, the Earth Women, had been doing for thousands of years. Then this new male-dominated religion about a man crucified on a cross (undoubtedly distorted for their own purposes) came along and made her way of worship illegal. She and her kind has gone underground, as have the shrewd gypsies with their cards.

"Ah you who have lost touch with the turning of the seasons, the rhythms of the earth. You have lost the ability to love and forgive as your own savior has advocated. You are lost in the madness of your law and order."

"Burn this infidel!" scream the crowds, setting the torch to her pile of sticks. The flame blazes up in a glorious furor, causing her to shriek in agony. Skin melts away like stinking plastic.

"Repent!" screams the minister, holding his cross over her face. "Repent and come to heaven before it is too late! Do you wish to go to eternal hell?"

"Ah, good sir, but it is you who are in hell!" she manages to mutter between screams.

Her spirit drifts smokelike up into the vaults of heaven. At night, she will join her sisters in circle dances among the moonflowers.

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THE DEVIL

The Black Magician obeys no rules. Indeed, he considers his duty to break as many rules as he possibly can. He breaks into the sanctuaries of churches at night with his pantheon of prostitutes wearing make-up of charcoal from the bodies of burned witches. He shits and pees into the sacrament cup and passes it around for the communion. He sings the hymns in a bizarre key, substituting naughty words, singing curses to the Lord rather than praises. He reads the bible backwards and hangs the cross upside down.

He whips out his own version of the sacred text. It is called "The Necronomican". He calls up evil spirits from the depths of the nethermost regions that exist in the realm of sheer nightmare. The prostitutes lick each other in uncouth places, squirming in pleasure on the carpet.

A sulphuric puff of horrific smoke appears in the midst of the central altar. A face materializes within the smoke, a face with long pointed carnivorous teeth and pointed ears. The skin is rather darkish red with numerous scabs rotting lecherously here and there. The body follows shortly after. There are cloven hooves for feet and long claws grow from each hand, containing six digits.

The creature thus conjured up growls menacingly. He is rather irritated at being conjured up from the nethermost realms where none may go and hope to return. There better be a good explanation for this. The prostitutes beseech him and suck and impale themselves upon his six-feet long erection of impassioned rage.

"And what the hell do you want?" he demands of the Black Magician. "Or is it Hell you want?" he adds slyly.

"I want nothing more, nothing less, than domination of the world."

"Ah, if it is domination of the world you want, domination of the world is what you shall have. It is a relatively easy task to dominate the world, but who can attain mastery of their very own lives?

"I will give you that, but it will cost you. It is only a small compensation on your part."

"Tell me, tell me," the Black Magician beseeched, while joining the prostitutes on the Staff of Lucifer. "I will do anything you like if I can only dominate the world!"

"To dominate the world will cost you nothing less, nothing more than your very soul. I will have your immortal soul and you will dominate the world."

"Very well, then, let me have it! Let me have the world! All of it - Now!"

And the Devil shot out his vile sulphuric scum from his Staff which caused the transformation the Black Magician so desired.

The Black Magician had no consciousness, no will of his own, but he had the world. Indeed, he was the very firmament of the earth and what could dominate the world more. He was the root of material itself and had become the world, but he had no soul to be able to enjoy his power.

THE EVOLUTION OF ANGELS

Meanwhile, there is a realm evolving far beyond the kin of earth-bound humans of angelic beings, who blissfully live in their own world. They look somewhat like children, caused by a certain retardation of development, yet they are the size of humans. They possess no genitals, so they do not know the pleasures of sexuality and do not understand it in humans. Human children understand them more readily than grown-up humans. They also have wings and like to fly around in the clouds, high above the material world. They are quite fond of music and love to play beautiful music on their harps. The more harmonious it is, the more they like it. They often spend hours slowly strumming the same harmonious chords. (J.S. Bach and New Age Musicians would get along fine with them.)

They are sexually neuter and have no knowledge at all about earthly pleasures. They have mouths to sing, but they do not eat; instead they live on energy generated by their harmonious chords. They have no sense of touch and taste at all. They see subtle colors and beings that we have no conception of. They hear harmonies within harmonies, the fundamentals of fundamentals, the Great Vibration of the Universe.

They communicate by playing/singing wordless music to one another, mainly to communicate their great happiness to be beyond the material realms and so free. Earthly musicians and mystics have heard them in their visions and dreams, and have been continuously inspired by them.

An angel wanders around so free and it creates wondrous masterpieces simply by pointing and directing them into existence. It points here and there appears a wonderful geometric flower with a scent so heavenly. It points somewhere else and there appears the multihued exotic Bird of Paradise.

Artists have seen the angels and their spontaneous creations in their trances praying the Muse for some inspiration. Based on one such vision, some artists have spent their entire lives attempting a frustrating process to recreate it in earthly form.

AND NOW A WORD ABOUT DEMONS...

Demons are grotesque beings generated by the cruel and negative emotions of humans. They feed on lust and greed. They promote violence and cruelty. They love suffering in all forms and go out of their way to accentuate it. They enjoy melancholy and encourage those who are depressed to turn to drink and drugs, to ruin their lives with abuse and slow death. They encourage the acquisition of power and fascination with it.

They are utterly opposite to angels in every way. They have grossly distorted features, resembling the bestial in every way. They have huge devil dicks and slimy slits with massively bulging breasts. Often they are hermaphroditic and compulsively keep fucking themselves. In any case, they can't get enough of sex which they combine with unusually cruel forms of sadistic torture. They appear infinitely aged and wrinkled like old toads. They smell horrible and constantly fart volcanic fire from their assholes.

They love to capture the innocent and make them over into converts to dark feelings. They like to distort what is natural into something grotesquely exaggerated and compulsive. They thrive on guilt, attracted to this particular emotion like flies to shit. They love to rape pretty young girls and turn them into uttermost sluts who can't get enough of fucking. They love to make a nonviolent person into a cruel warrior who loves to tear people from limb to limb, especially defenseless women and children. They love to make a nation pledge allegiance to some mad tyrant entreating them to destroy as many people unlike them as possible.

They entertain themselves with huge goblets of strong liquor and play utterly atonal and jarring anti-music with bones and tendons of their victims. They boom-boom explosively, echoing in the corridors of hell, on massive drums made with human skin.

They are horrible and nasty and ghastly... If people could only cease to have negative emotions... They would fade away... Like distant smoke dispersing from a dying fire.

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THE IDIOT

The idiot lives out on the edge of the village. He lives among the garbage, thriving on leftover scraps with the rats. He stares blindly at nothing in particular. He has no aspirations, no ambitions to be anyone special. He stares intently at a crystal in a common rock and sees the Source of All. The rust eating away metal is utterly fascinating to him.

He seeks no shelter when it rains, but sits contentedly slurping up the raindrops. When snow falls, he lies in the fluffy white banks and gazes up at infinite flakes falling out of the sky. When the sun shines brightly, he turns his face towards it all day long as though he were a sunflower.

He has no mother. He has no father. No origin has he and no clan does claim him.

Kids throw stones at him and laugh. Adults look at him sadly and shake their heads. Or they look away completely, glad not to be as bad off as he.

But no care has he. The opinions of others do not affect him one way or the other.

"I am what I am," says he. "And I see what I see. Because I am the lowliest of the low, I am part of all that is. Because I have no home, all of the world is my home."

THE HARLOT

The prostitute turns no man away. She takes all men according to what they can pay. She hangs out at local taverns and takes whoever home who will follow.

She lays in her bed with her legs raised high, idly contemplating a crack in the ceiling, a drop of water slowly slipping through. She strokes the man's back, encouraging him by grabbing a hairy pair of seed-filled sacks, squeezing tightly. Her own gasps echo throughout the room, causing neighbors to pound their fists against the walls. So immersed is she in her pleasure, no concern has she.

She is the whore, the vampire of men's souls. She captivates them and leads them deeper into the material realm. By giving pleasure, she receives much pleasure. The illegality of her activities only spices things up more intensely.

She gives a man long slow licks along the underside of his shaft. She sticks a painted finger up the interior of his rectum, skillfully manipulating his prostrate pleasure spot. The man's eyes roll up into his head, he gasps and trembles, his body shivers as though he were having a kind of seizure, and he collapses as though he were in the throes of death.

How she loves it to get the man in this state of vulnerability. Such much power do they believe they have and yet witness this power she has over them. They will do anything for this moment and she can get them to pay whatever she asks. She could snip off their genitals at such a moment as this and they would be entirely willing.

And each time this happens, she takes a little more of their energy away from them. She can see deep within their souls and increase their need.

Though they treat her with disrespect, she knows she has one thing they do not have -

She has the power of love.

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THE CYCLE

The Indians stand high upon a distant mountain watching the approach of the white ones. They arrive in their covered wagons and bring soldiers who bear explosive weapons with them. They see the gradual transformation to their land. The white ones cut down all the trees and put their crops in. They string up wires on poles for their source of power. They have loud machines and tear apart the mountains for metals to maintain their way of life.

"They have no respect for the land they take over. They destroy it and leave nothing behind." says one of the Indians.

"Yes," says another. "This has been prophesized long ago by a great shaman. What has been will return, it is the way of the Cycle of the Spirit."

"Indeed, this is like the legend of ancient Atlan, where men once destroyed the land beneath them in their greed for the magical crystals."

"We will fight this until the bitter end, but I fear the worst. What has been will return. Where winter has been, winter will return."

"Yes, but the snows of winter are followed by the gladness of spring," replies another.

Solemnly, they all smile, knowing that there is something which can never be conquered - and that is the Spirit of All.

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LOSS

The man has just lost his job at the mines. All streaked with coal dust is he and his clothes are soaked with the sweat of his labors to make the earth bear coal to burn the engines that would turn the great wheels of industrial civilization.

When he punched out that day after twelve grueling hours choking and gasping in the subterranean pits of hell, the foremen called him and his crew into the office. They were promptly informed that they would all be laid off. The coals of that vein were mined and they were no longer needed.

What would they do?, they demanded of the foreman. They have wives, numerous dirty ragged children to feed. Without jobs, they would all starve.

"Well, that's your problem, not ours", noted the unsympathetic foreman, chewing on his unlit cigar. "Go on, get out of here," he screamed at the workers still hanging around in a state of shock, "we don't need you anymore."

They were undoubtedly being laid off because of their attempts to form a union. This was where their progressive actions were leading them.

The man lies on his bed, weeping in despair. His wife holds him and strokes him. She comforts him and makes love to him. She assures him that there is some way they will survive. Perhaps they can go back to farming. They can pull through somehow.

She knows how to deal with his emotional nature. She has patience and faith in the basic goodness of life.

Up and down, up and down, round and round we go. Somehow we all got lost in the midst of this and how in the world shall we ever find our way out of this mess that is the universe?

Stay tuned and see.

THE MADNESS OF THE NOOSPHERE

The hum of machinery ever churns in the depths of the underground laboratory. Two scientists, in search of the ultimate composition of the matter-energy that makes up the universe are gazing fascinated into the bubble-chamber, where particles magically collide. They avidly scribble notes into their hand computers, referring to calculations to compare them with what actually happens. The ultimate nature of matter seems to elude them; they simply cannot come up with an elegant formula to explain it all.

Then, to baffle them even further, for split-milliseconds, particles appear out of nowhere, then just as quickly disappear. Their calculations did not predict this at all.

(The Divine Trickster, Chaos, is having tremendous fun with this.)

"This is incredible!" remarks one scientist, his huge glasses about to fall off the end of his nose.

"It is as though something were literally coming out of no-thing!"

"It is utterly inconceivable!"

The scientists are nervously chewing on the ends of their pens over this. How were they going to explain this to the military-industrial complex funding them?

"Well," finally concedes one scientist, "I guess this proves that space is not as empty as we once imagined. Perhaps space is actually a kind of potential energy state, waiting for the proper conditions to consolidate into matter." (Yes! You're hot on the trail, mister.)

"Hmmm," says a more pragmatically minded gentleman in the corner. "If we could figure out how to do that, we could tap sheer space for resources." (Danger! Abandon hope all who enter this domain!)

THE TOWER BLOWS AWAY

The midnight strikes on the new millennium. Primatekind is on the verge of a New Age, or a Dark Age, depending upon their collective internal state.

Like the light of a thousand suns, everything flares up at once in a lovely blaze of radiation.

A great wind bursts outward from the center of the vast explosion, toppling over all the tall buildings of the Great City as though a giant were knocking over mere children's blocks.

Millions of megatons of energy explode continuously, destroying in an instant the work of hundreds of years of construction.

Meanwhile, the people on the topmost floor of the highest skyscraper are having quite a party. They are very important executives and entertainers who control the mass consciousness of the low denominator culture. They are celebrating their successful dominance of all who suffer below them.

Anything goes here. Some are high on cocaine, some have been smoking a psychotropic herb in huge pipes being passed around, some have partaken of the L.S.D.-laced punchbowl in the center of the table, and others are quite inebriated on the more conventional cocktails and cigarettes being stubbed out in piles on the tables and rugs. Many of them have lost control and are starting to do things like kick down the doors, rip valuable paintings off the walls, and smash the television sets in. Many claiming to have no idea what they are doing, are grinding their watches with their executive shoes on the floor.

Someone is wandering up and down the halls, banging his head against the walls. He is a major book publisher editor. The tabloids would make front page news out of this.

"Mama," he keeps whining in desperation. "I want my mama. I wanna suck on my mama's big titties."

Someone laughs out loud in the next room, which is the sex room where there are elaborate chains for assuming various unnatural positions. A movie producer is screwing his star actress.

A major stock market broker is jerking off in front of the body sized bathroom mirror. As soon as his come hits the mirror, he jumps into the mirror as though trying to embrace himself. The mirror shatters into multitudes of multicolored fragments mixed with brilliant blood for the hidden vampires who feed on such degradation.

Loud bestseller rock music is blasting from the giant speakers (produced by many who attend this party), and people are blatantly tearing off one another's clothes and proceeding to tease anonymous sexual organs into arousal and penetration.

As for the bigger explosion, a party of subatomic particles also going out of hand, they never knew what hit them.

AH, COLD DARK MOON!

Oh, the cold desolate moon, dead half-moon rising upon this city populated (or shall we say polluted) by machines.

It is 3:00 A.M., way into the mindless night shift, on the morning of July 23, 2723.

The half-moon shines on factories and stores where machines rush hither and thither, busily going about their errands of stupidity.

No wolves howl at this moon of a distant possible future.

The wolves died out long ago; they were first wiped out by humans, and the machines finished the chore.

The machines continue working three shifts a day, doing amazing calculations on programs that get better every year, turning out thousands and thousands of remarkable, innovative products that the other machines will automatically buy. The hum of busy machines being run by electrons happily zipping through entangled wires is omnipresent.

Oh, by the way, human beings have been obsolete for quite a while now. The machines figured they could do mechanical chores far more efficiently than humans and had them eliminated.

Shine on, oh dark moon, mechanically turning around on your predestined orbit.

ANARCHY LIVES!

The contours of the continents appear very different now. If you were to look at the part once known as North America, you would not even recognize it. It would appear to be another continent altogether.

In the southeastern portion, for example, Florida no longer exists. The seacoast starts practically at the base of the mountains. What was once New York City, Boston, Washington, D.C. are all underwater. The entire midwest is gone. No longer is there a Mississippi River halving the continent. Now there is only an ocean.

The climate is distinctly warmer. Up to the latitudes of what was once New England, it is tropical. The forests of the high Appalachians are like Central America. Canada is temperate.

Greenland lays exposed. No ice covers it anymore. The polar cap of the north appears as minuscule as that of Mars.

The warning signs were there and the scientists and ecologists warned the people that this would happen. But people, by that time, were too set in their ways. They could not give up their ways of producing energy. And civilization was set up in such a way that it was impossible to live without a car. The ozone layer had been punctured and the earth warmed up drastically within a few centuries. Humans could never imagine they could have such an effect on the world climate. Nor did most of them at the time care. "We'll cross that bridge when we get to it" was the prevailing ethos.

Governments of the world collapsed in the process. New generations took over who questioned the validity of governments to solve anyone's problems. As a result, anarchy took over. It was not a smooth transition, of course, since many people had vested interests in the governments. But those were greatly outnumbered.

What we have now is a series of interconnected anarchistic communities. All policies for maintaining each community are decided upon by pure, non-representative democracy. Those who disagree are encouraged to form their own sub-communities or separate communities.

There are a number of different types of communities. Some are religious in nature, almost like monasteries. Then there are hedonistic communities where any kind of drug or sex practice is okay. There are agnostic communities, atheist communities, pagan communities, apolitical communities, artist communities. There are even racist and anti-ecological communities, though, due to lessons learned from centuries before, these are frowned upon.

Different communities have different economic specialties which they produce and exchange with others. There are special transportation means (high speed electric trains) and communication by internet computer to facilitate such exchanges.

No community is larger than 3,000 people. It is found that small size is important for communication and a neighborly feeling. If it grows beyond that, unlikely because of population control standards, another community of like type is splintered off and founded.

It's a little as if you only had the local town to deal with, but no state or national government. It's somewhat similar to the feudal system of the middle ages, but more evolved than that. For example, there's no kings or nobility oppressing the peasants. Those who handle management are paid no more and given no more status than the garbage collectors. Rather than taxes, there is community work.

Children are raised initially by the community they are born in, given a standard education. By the time they reach puberty, they are encouraged to travel among different communities to come to their own personal decision what community fits their natural

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inclinations the best. They try living in it, and if they don't merge well, they go on to try another community. All communities have a policy of being open to new trial members. No visa, passport, or "green card" is required, simply the desire to be in it and contribute what one is talented at.

The highest evolved communities are considered to be the ones that seek to achieve a fusion of many different types. These attempt to accommodate all different types of people with all kinds of beliefs. Rather than simply have them live side by side, these people look at their differences and see how they may fuse these differences into a higher synthesis. It is considered to be quite a distinction to be in such a community. It takes people of unusually high tolerance and open-mindedness to make it.

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THE STAR

The poet takes a break from the cocktail party at the turn of the twentieth century. Somehow the conversation was getting too trivializing and he needed to get out for some fresh air to reconnect with who he was. Sometimes these publishers got just a little too bland and crass about what they referred to as "the market". It was as though poems were slabs of meat that people were looking for the best price on.

He stands on the porch and looks out over the great lake. He contemplates the street light shining far in the distance, wondering how he could make this experience into a poem. He lights up a long cigarette and looks up at the stars for inspiration.

He suddenly notices a huge silvery-blue star south of the belt of Orion. It twinkles peculiarly in odd hues, flashing in a somewhat hypnotic way. It is a very lovely star, such huge and bright.

He gazes in fascination. The star tells him some kind of story. He suddenly gets in a flash the seed-idea for an epic poem about a certain star that people have worshipped over the centuries and revolve their lives around. He whips out his pocket notebook and writes this idea down.

When he goes back in and tells his publisher about it, the publisher laughs in his face. It simply isn't marketable. Enraged, the poet goes home and writes the first draft of the poem out until the wee hours of dawn, until the first light of the sun's arrival makes the star vanish into the pink-blue sky.

The poem is not published in his lifetime, but afterwards it is found among his notes and then published. It is revered by millions for centuries.

THE STAR - PART II

The interstellar space express is whizzing through the hidden folds of hypervoid at three times the speed of light. It is now making the transition into normal space/time. The inhabitants of this vehicle are coming out of life suspension into the major control room. They are some 8.6 light years from the planet of their origin where their ancestors once played with sticks and stones, triumphantly growling that they are the superior species on their planet. It is an exciting moment for them as they approach the star growing bigger in the projection displayed for them.

It is the first time their species has crossed the void between stars, the first time they are in another stellar system than their origin. It is a triple star system: one star is a dull-red (not visible to the naked eye from their planet, the other star is a medium-yellow, and the central star, around which the other two orbit, is a brilliant whitish blue (making it one of the brightest stars seen from their own planet).

In celebration, they pass around the endorphin inhaler, a relatively harmless psychoactive stimulant with no deleterious side effects, and are utterly blissed out by the immensity of this star.

"What a beautiful star that is!" says one traveler.

"Truly, this is a great place to be!" says another.

A third traveler remarks: "You know, this star used to be known as the 'Dogstar', because of its tendency to wander around so much. There was once a people, Egyptians in ancient Africa, who had a great civilization. They would worship this very same star we are now approaching. Isn't that something?"

"Yes, I can see why. It is awe-inspiring, isn't it?"

They gazed continuously at the goal of their journey and, and like their remote ancestors on those African plains, worshipped the Dogstar, once a bright pinpoint in the sky, now filling the size of the tinted window.

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THREE PATHS OF EVOLUTION

Once a sapient species reaches a certain level of evolution, there are three basic paths that it can take, according to the parameters programmed into it by the Cosmic Mind. It is their decision or non-decision (which is a kind of decision in itself) as to which direction it will ultimately take:

1. <u>Self-destruction</u> - This often happens when the Cosmic Mind is displeased with the outcome of a sapient species. The species will often declare itself to be the superior species or kind of matter-energy on their planet and greedily kill off other species and interfere with the construct of the planet in their desire to possess as much territory as they can. Once this is accomplished, they often proceed to destroy each other through usage of the technology they have available. In this process, they destroy the very planet they thrive on and make it uninhabitable for themselves and all but the hardiest forms of life that are left. A new line of evolution is then set up, hopefully in a more positive direction.

Fortunately, these types rarely become sufficiently organized to travel to other worlds and carry their destruction beyond their own planet.

2. <u>Total Mechanization</u> - In their desire to achieve increasing efficiency, they rely more and more on technological devices and extensions of their own senses and capabilities. In the process, they become exceedingly dependent on such machinery and become more and more like the machines they have invented. They begin to perceive this machinery as a superior form of life and have little interest in preservation of other evolving life-forms, including themselves, on the planet. Ultimately, in order to survive, they are forced to merge their neurological apparatus to their machines, and become machines themselves. They lose self-awareness in the process and become machines blindly carrying out their programmed functions.

The esoteric meaning of the expression, "Let the dead bury their dead", can be retranslated as: "Let the machines tend to their machines."

3. <u>Utopia</u> - Although a species will be mired in negativity for a long period of its initial evolution, not believing that a utopia is possible, it will ultimately become a reality for some species that do not wind up down either of the other two alternatives above. The species will achieve world-wide fusion and cooperation with its planetary biosphere. There will be peace and harmony. There will be plenty for everyone, simply because everyone is satisfied with what they have, and everyone will get to do what they want to do.

These are the ideal conditions that the Cosmic Mind ultimately seeks in a species. Such conditions set the stage for a kind of in-going evolution where a species achieves greater and greater self-awareness. It is in such a state that the Cosmic Mind will come to realize Itself.

Oh, by the way, you might be interested to know that the human species is not especially important from the universal standpoint. There are plenty of other experiments in sapient consciousness going on in other places and other dimensions. If the human species doesn't make it, it's not really any great catastrophe.

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The Cosmic Mind is interested in the human species simply because we're so cute and cuddly. We're a lot of fun to play around with because we have so many potentialities and we're also so challenging. We keep swinging from one extreme to the other, and extremes make things interesting.

However, the Cosmic Mind has numerous other species it is tending on numerous other planets elsewhere. If we want to save ourselves from unpleasant alternatives that could destroy us, it's up to us to do it ourselves.

THE YRRGS

On a certain planet in a stellar system with a bright silver-blue star in its center live the Yrrgs. The Yrrgs are quite repulsive creatures covered with lots of warts. They have bad breath and a series of huge bloodshot eyes circle the center of their bodies where their brains happen to be. Their language sounds like a complicated semaphore of farts. They reproduce by getting together in three sexes, exchange genetic material, and then split apart leaving an egg to fend for itself. Several tentacles reach out, growing as needed, with which they are able to construct things. When they need to "eat", they grow roots into fertile soil and sunbathe, producing food by a kind of photosynthesis.

They have no interest in constructing things for survival, because once hatched, they are practically immortal, having a kind of slow motion metabolism. They like to construct original works of art. All over the planet are elaborate sculptures. To them, art is the necessity of their existence. There is no egotism involved in this; art is kind of like breathing for them. They just have to do it, that's all.

They also have musical orchestras which they are able to hear through their skin. They arrange scales by a series of microtonal vibrations. To human ears, it would sound like just one long note being played over and over again. They create subtle rhythms with the subharmonics within the single note.

They are philosophers. They spend years having a philosophical conversation about the origin of the universe. They strongly suspect that there is some kind of Cosmic Consciousness which led to the existence of this physical universe.

When they grow roots and feed on the energy of the Great Star above them, they withdraw into a state of "Yrrgoidia", i.e., Union with the Cosmic Consciousness. This is their most pleasurable activity.

They know about the struggles of their neighbors, the human primates, on a planet by that yellow sun 8.6 light years away. They are able to send projections of themselves in ultradimensional realms to explore distant worlds. They have no interest in conquest of these worlds. They are merely curious. However, just for the fun of it, they may reveal themselves to primitive races to stimulate their evolution, for this is in line with the Cosmic Mind's intentions.

They wonder if the human species will make it. They do not understand why humans fight with one another so much; if they would only cooperate with one another, they could go so much further. They cannot understand why humans are so cruel to their own kind and other species. Such aggression is not native to them.

If there gets to be too many of them to share resources, some of them willingly sacrifice themselves to be made into fertile soil for the others. The sacrificed ones simply merge their consciousness back into that of those who survive. No big deal.

They study us and wait. They are hoping we will evolve to the point where we can communicate with them and evolve further.

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INNOCENCE

A boy-child and a girl-child are building elaborate sandcastles upon their toy planet. They are role-playing with one another.

One is Order, the Good Guy, who builds the sandcastles up as high as it will go. How wondrous are its towers and turrets. Little people are designed with various functions going about one way or another maintaining the totality of this little civilization. There is a king. Here is a pope trying to convert the masses. Here is the village fool saying foolish things laced with a subtle wisdom. A pair of lovers stroll out to a field.

The other character is Chaos, the Villain, who delights in coming along and kicking down the castles of sand, stomping on all the little people and their silly roles. Down with the king. Take this, you pompous pope. Eat my heel, you nasty lovers. See how my mighty foot flings aside the giant turret with its infallible clock that runs all the machinery of this society.

They play all the morning long. For an endless hour of total absorption she plays one role and he plays the other. Then after the castle is ground back into the firmament, they exchange roles.

The sun rises to its zenith, blazing with fire and warmth and energy. After all, that is what the sun usually does. All around, plants eagerly reach out their leaves and gobble up this wonderful stuff pouring down from their savior above in a sheer orgy of photosynthesis. Monkeys reach out and grab fruit; they mate without shame and nap in the trees.

The boy-child suddenly feels compelled to ask a question: "What do you suppose the purpose of all this is? Why are we here? Where did we come from?"

The girl-child answers: "Is there really an answer to such questions? Maybe all we have to do is be who we are and do exactly what we are doing. Perhaps we come from nowhere and we go nowhere.

"But does that mean no-where is every-where?"

"And every-where is here!" replies the girl-child giggling.

The boy-child abruptly becomes bored with such philosophical musings, having a short attention span as little boys often do. To pass the time, he proceeds to build another sandcastle.

The sun continues to provide life to all who will partake of what it has to offer.

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SALVATION

The day has come where the human species has finally leaped to the next stage of evolution.

War and strife are things of the distant past. They have no interest in such things. It was simply a matter of modifying their genetic material. A certain malfunctioning chromosome was causing the whole problem. This changed their neurological structure so that excess adrenaline was no longer being manufactured, causing them all the various neuroses and psychoses they had before.

Incidentally, this also led to them no longer having such a tendency to rely on certain drugs to make them feel more relaxed; relaxation is now a state natural to them. Endorphins pulse through them all the time, putting them in a state that heroin addicts and alcoholics used to seek.

They are now rather calm and euphoric all the time. No longer do they feel compelled to outdo one another, to see who can have more power than another. The desire for power is foreign to them. They also have no interest in acquiring more and more material possessions. As long as they have a comfortable place to sleep and rest, enough nutrients to fill their stomachs with, and companions to spend time with, they are absolutely content.

Sex no longer interests them as much as it did to their ancestors. It is still a pleasurable activity and they love to do it, but they have no nagging compulsion for it all the time. When it comes along, fine; if they're not doing it, that's okay, too. There is none of the sexual jealousy that used to compel them before. People just freely exchange partners among one another. Relationships form and dissolve easily. Children born of unions simply belong to various groupings rather than a single set of parents.

Because their material needs are so minimal, there is no need to produce very much, so all work is part-time. People have plenty of leisure. They sit around and mellow out. They delight in the wonders of natural beauty. They are in a natural state of samadhi.

People like to create beautiful things and regard this as a major necessity. Everybody shares what they do and contribute what they can to the whole.

Some people like to study the world around them and do this simply out of curiosity. They are not interested in using what they've learned for power or domination.

Some like to explore the rest of the universe and report back to the home planet what they've discovered. They find that many sapient species out there (such as the Yrrgs on the Sirius system) are quite friendly if foreign, and are welcomed into a special Inter-Galactic Cooperative of sapient species. Other species they discover to be quite hostile and paranoid, whom they leave alone to evolve as they will.

It is basically a perfect kind of world. Everyone is happy and at peace. It is just the kind of world that everyone wanted all along. All they had to do was to simply reach out for it.

THE COSMIC MIND ACHIEVES ITS GOAL!

A sapient brain in a machine in a ship zipping along at incredible velocities is seeking for the Center of the Universe, the Original Explosion where it all began. It is the Primal Seeker.

The Seeker has been searching for a long time now, going from galaxy to galaxy, heading towards the Center. It spends long periods of time in suspended animation between galaxies, entertained by Reality Chips.

The Reality Chips are each the experience of a single lifetime of different sapient species on different planets. It accumulates such chips as it goes from galaxy to galaxy, planet to planet. It accumulates all experience in the universe. It plugs into a Reality Chip and forgets its original self as it experiences a certain lifetime from birth to death.

Lately it has been interested in human Reality Chips. It experiences itself as a conqueror, as a lover, as a savior, as a derelict, as a villain, as one primal character or another. It goes round and round in circles, a broken record skipping across the various experiences that are to be had on the planet earth (destroyed billions of years ago in its own stellar system). It just can't get enough. It is something to do on its long, long journey that had been going on for billions of years since its own stellar system blew out.

It is experiencing a marvelous lifetime of an alchemist seeking to design the Philosopher's Stone in a secret time when there were castles and popes attempting to condemn him for his efforts. Suddenly the experience is interrupted by the ship's automatic processors.

It comes to, momentarily disoriented to find out where it actually is.

There It Is! It is the Grand Center of the Universe the Seeker had been searching for all along! How long had It eluded the Seeker, and now It Is Here!

The Seeker sets the ship's parameters to plunge into the Center. Millions of galaxies continue to be generated from the Center where it all began uncountable trillions of years ago. This is the fabled OM-point, the single point where restlessness took place to give birth to the entire Universe.

The Seeker hears a strange enchanting music all around. It is the Song of Creation being sung forever and ever.

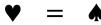
The Seeker cannot wait. How brilliant It all Is! How awe-inspiring! It is so Intense! Nothing can describe It. This is the point where No-Thing becomes Every-thing!

The ship plunges right into the Heart of It All. As the Seeker finally finds the Ultimate Experience, dissolving away into No-Thing becoming Every-thing, the Seeker realizes:

"I AM ALL THAT IS!"

THE NEVER-ENDING ENDING

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The saint has returned from giving bread to the needy in the village. He feeds the birds with stale crusts and speaks to them. He tenderly tends to the plants and waters them with love. After his afternoon meditations, he writes in his journal:

"The origin of this world is divine. Thus this world is divine. Everything and everyone you meet is divine. The saint and sinner alike is utterly divine. Also, the lowliest grub in the earth... And the bird that flies so high. See this divinity... And you will be whole. There is nothing you can do wrong. There is nothing right nor is there anything or anyone wrong. It is all divine." $\Delta = \nabla$

The monk comes to, as if waking from a long dream. He looks around the room as if seeing it for the first time. He has finally answered the koan properly and laughs aloud. There never was an answer. It was all a joke. He rubs the soreness on his head, utterly aware of the lumps from the whacks he'd received.

His master smiles. "Do you see? Do you really see?" His soft brown eyes are whirlpools into the Void of Wisdom.

The monk bows in acknowledgment of the divinity in himself and walks out of the room, free at last. He leaves the monastery and plunges in the divinity of the world, consorting in utter compassion with everyone and everything he sees.

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The Cosmic Mind suddenly comes to. It is now Fully Awakened. It has experienced the Totality of the Entire Universe. It realizes that all these experiences of various lifetimes were but a Creation of Its Own Mind. It was lost in Its Own Creation, having the illusion that It was various limited beings.

But now Fully Awakened, It no longer needs to do this. The Universe is but a fulcrum by which It could lift Itself into this Perfect State. Well, it was fun while it lasted.

The Cosmic Mind absorbs the Universe back into Itself. Like a vast cosmic vacuum cleaner, it sucks inward. All galaxies that were hurling outwards turn inward instead. All beings become fully Awakened. Perfect worlds evolve everywhere. The Universe becomes withdrawn into the Center.

Order and Chaos shake hands and mutually agree to end their constant struggle. They embrace one another in passion and become One. They disappear into That which is Beyond Form and Formlessness.

And now there is only the Infinite Void. The Void contains all potential Universes of the beginningless beginning, of the endless end.

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This is the Story that never began. It never ended.

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APPENDIX: CIRCLES WITHIN CIRCLES

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THE GRAND ARCANUM

0. - The Fool

The village idiot lives out on the edge of the town. He thrives on refuse thrown in the dump. Children laugh at him & throw sticks & stones at him. "I am what I am," says he. "And I see what I see."

I. - The Magician

The Alchemist lives way up high in his tower. His single light can be seen burning late into the night. He is searching for the Secret of the Philosopher's Stone. He seeks Infinite Power, Infinite Knowledge, & Infinite Immortality. He cackles in glee as he shakes the test tube.

II. - The High Priestess

The Seeress is up on a pedestal in an ancient time. As she prophesizes what will be, they gather around & listen. "They shall fly like birds," she predicts of a distant future. "Their children shall see Visions of a Unified World." "No disease shall be among them; they shall live forever." "They shall leave the earth & go to the stars".

"They shall be as gods."

III. - The Empress

The Queen is pregnant.

She is sitting in her garden gazing at the butterflies taking nectar from the flowers. She is female, but she wonders occasionally what it is like to be male.

She & the King have just made love in their private bedchambers a while ago...

Then parted to go their separate ways.

How bloated & tumescent was his throbbing sex as it penetrated her interior...

How weak & flaccid it was as soon as he had his pleasure.

Men have all the power & fun in this world, she thinks in scorn.

Yet, as she feels the growing embryo within her, she realizes she has the greater power. She has the power of life.

IV. - The Emperor

The King sits way up high on his throne, looking out over his wide kingdom.

"They hate me," he realizes sadly, as he considers his subjects.

"They envy the power I have; they want to overthrow me."

"Yet do I not protect them from the enemy?" thinks his majesty in profound bitterness.

"Do I not keep law & order among their ranks?"

"The ingrates; I ought to have them all hanged."

V. - The Pope

"You shall all go to Hell!" screams the preacher from his pulpit.

"You are all sinners!"

"You were born in sin; you shall die in sin!"

"Unless you return to the fold, ask the Lord for forgiveness...

"& mend your ways according to the Letter of the Law which is in the Good Book...

"You are surely damned!"

Someone is sitting in the back row, listening to all this, thinking what a con-artist he is.

VI. - The Lovers

The lovers lie embracing one another in the fields. They have just made like the beasts therein. But they have no shame. The sun is warm & the flowers smell so sweet. "I love you," says he. "I love you, too," says she. They see one another as each other really is. But it won't last. It never does.

VII. - The Conqueror

The Roman soldier hacks his way through the crowd, right & left. They are Christians; the rebellion must be contained & thwarted... All for the sake of Caesar, who rules far & wide. They are weak, he thinks in contempt. See how they refuse to defend themselves. "I want you to know," says one of the Christians, just before the blade strikes.... "No matter what you do, God still loves you." The Roman soldier pauses. Now, what, by Jupiter, did he mean by that? Then he goes on with the slaughter.

VIII. - Strength

He is angry & embittered at the way the world is treating him.

He has just been fired from his job today, after twenty years of faithful service. He wants to strike out at someone.

They live in the poorhouse.

But she knows how to calm him.

She strokes him & makes love to him, until his anger & bitterness is all gone. She knows how to deal with his animal nature.

IX. - The Hermit

The forest-dweller lives deep in the jungle. Alone, he fasts & meditates & looks within. He sees that all things are a part of himself. He perceives the Unity of All Things. He sees that he has discovered a profound truth. He is not sure that any of the others will understand him. But he must try; it is his duty to bear the Light, the Light of Consciousness. It is in the Silence between the thoughts. It is All There Is.

X. - The Wheel of Fortune

The sleazy huckster spins the ever-turning Wheel of Fortune.

He exhorts to all that pass by to gamble their lives & their souls for the Eternal Goal. Sometimes you go up.

Sometimes you go down.

But if you're going to get anywhere, you've got to take the risk.

After all, that's what the Game of Evolution is all about.

Life is the Ultimate Gamble.

XI. - Justice

The prostitute does not turn anybody away.

She accepts within her all men of all sizes & shapes, of all persuasions...

From all walks of life, rich & poor alike.

While they are within her, she looks into their souls.

She stares upward at the ceiling with her legs raised high.

Little do they know that their souls are on the scales.

XII. - The Hanged Man (Sacrifice)

"I am the Way & the Light & the Truth," spake the Master to his disciples... Before He was led away to be crucified. They beseeched Him not to go, but the Sacrifice must go on. While they were nailing Him to the cross, He shook His head sadly. Whenever He comes, they never seem to understand. When will they finally be ready? "Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they do," spake He. He looks out over the aghast crowd & weeps. Meanwhile, a scribe is taking all this down, wondering what He really means.

XIII. - Death.

It is the time of the Plague.

All must die, rich & poor alike, nobility & peasants alike, the faithful & sinners alike. The bodies keep piling up & piling up.

The mangled, disfigured grave-digger grins toothlessly.

Business is really booming this year.

XIV. - Temperance (Harmony, Creativity, Synthesis)

The young girl runs barefoot along the summer stream. The sun is rising behind the mountain. She is so glad to be alive. She points this way & a purple passion-flower appears. She points that way & the multi-colored Bird of Paradise appears.

XV. - The Devil (Knowledge)

Two scientists are gazing into a bubble-chamber.

For a split-millisecond, particles appear out of nowhere, then just as quickly disappear. "This is incredible!" remarks one scientist.

"It's as if something were literally coming out of nothing!"

"Well," concedes the other scientist,

"This proves that space isn't all as empty as we once thought it was."

XVI. - The Tower

It is midnight.

Like the light of a thousand suns, everything flares up.

A great wind bursts outward from the center & topples over all the buildings...

Of the Great City as though they were merely children's toys.

Millions of megatons of energy are exploding...

Destroying in an instant the work of hundreds of years of construction.

The people on the topmost floor of the highest skyscraper were having a party.

They were high on cocaine, ripped on pot, soused out of their brains on alcohol...

Listening to loud rock music, & well into having an orgy.

They never knew what hit them.

XVII. - The Star

At thrice times the speed of light...

They are whizzing through the hidden folds of space towards the star..

The star is a brilliant-blue one...

It has two lesser companions, one a dull-red, the other a medium-yellow.

They are sitting at the controls, blissed out...

Watching it come closer, setting the coordinates.

"Well, there she is at long last," says one.

"Wow, what a beautiful star that is!"

"You know," says someone else...

"This star here, Sirius, used to be called the 'Dogstar'...

"By an ancient civilization of a people called 'Egyptians'...

"Who used to worship this very same star we are now approaching."

XVIII. - The Moon (Alienation, Desolation, Mechanization)

It is a city populated entirely by machines. It is three o' clock in the morning on July 23, 2723. The half-moon, a dead world like this one, is shining high above. There are no wolves to howl at it this time. They died out long ago. The machines continue to work three shifts a day, doing amazing calculations... Churning out thousands & thousands of remarkable innovative products... That other machines will automatically buy. Human beings have been made obsolete hundreds of years ago. They weren't efficient enough.

XIX. - The Sun (Innocence)

Two kids are playing in a sandbox, a boy-child & a girl-child.

Idly, as the day wears on, they build up elaborate sandcastles...

Then knock them down again.

The sun is blazing above at the zenith...

It gives out lots & lots of light, heat, & energy, as usual.

The boy-child asks a good question: "Say, I've been thinking about something:

"What do you suppose this whole thing is all about, anyway? Life, I mean."

The girl-child replies: "Oh, I don't know. I suppose we'll find out one way or another... "To just be, I guess."

XX. - Resurrection

It is a new world. Everybody lives with one another in perfect peace & harmony. No one is afraid of one another anymore. All problems are solved. There is no more war. There is no more hate. There is no more death. No one has to work anymore. Now they can do whatever they want. Everything is perfectly free. There is plenty of everything for everybody. People just sit around & mellow out. It's just what everybody always wanted all along. All they had to do was ask.

XXI. - The World (The Universe, All, & Everything)

The Seeker has been wandering for a long, long time now. He is seeking for the Center of the Universe... Where it all began billions & billions of years ago. He is a half-million years old. He is but a brain in a machine. He is in suspended animation most of the time. The ship wakes him up whenever there is something to see. Alone, he entertains himself with reality-tapes. He experiences all kinds of different worlds in all kinds of different bodies... In all kinds of different lifetimes. But he has seen it all. Now he searches for the Ultimate Experience... To see what no mortal has ever seen before. The coordinates are set for the Center of the Universe, the fabled OM-POINT... Where all mind, energy, & matter comes from the Other Side. At last, he is approaching his long-sought Goal. There It is. Thousands upon thousands of embryo galaxies are still being hurled outwards... From the Center towards the Edge of the Universe. How intense It is, how beautiful, how brilliant: It was well worth waiting for. The Seeker hears a strange, enchanting music... It is the Song of Creation. He sets the ship at top speed now; he can't wait. Like a moth plunging into the flame, the Seeker zooms right into the Center of It All. As everything he once was disappears back into the nothingness... Where it all originally came from, he suddenly realizes:

"I AM ALL THERE IS."

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Thus the Cosmic Mind Wakes Up to realize that It Alone has been all the various Actors & Actresses in the Show of Its Very Own Creation. It was all a Construct, yet It seemed so real at the time.

It was certainly fun, dramatic, & utterly engrossing while it lasted. The Cosmic Mind proceeds to Dream another Universe.

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The Cycle has no beginning. It has no end.

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